THE BYSTANDER
Vol. LXXXVII—No. 1133

AUGUST 19, 1925

Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.

YOGO HAMA'S GROUSING INFORMATIONS

The BYSTANDER

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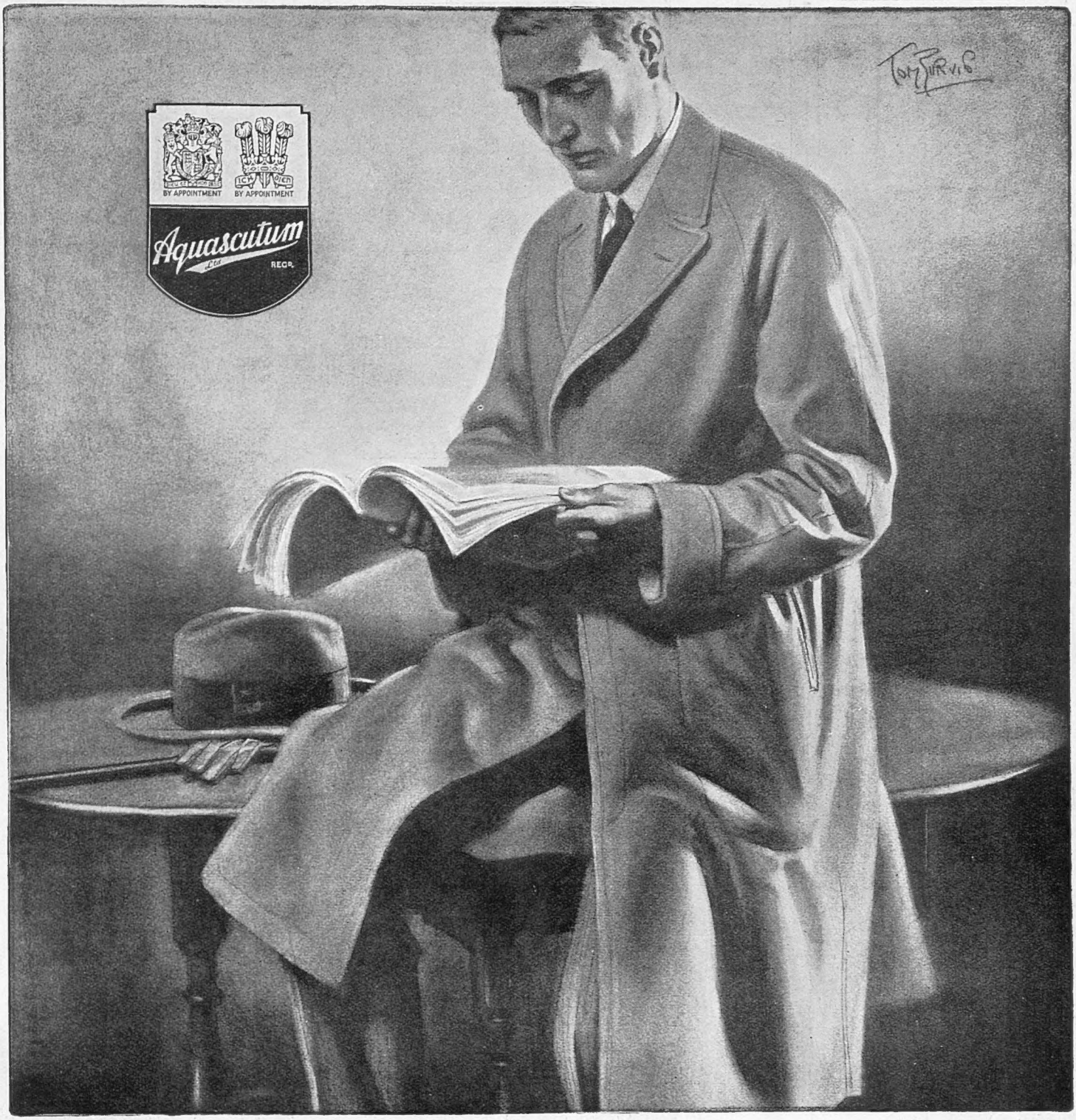

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L·N·E·R

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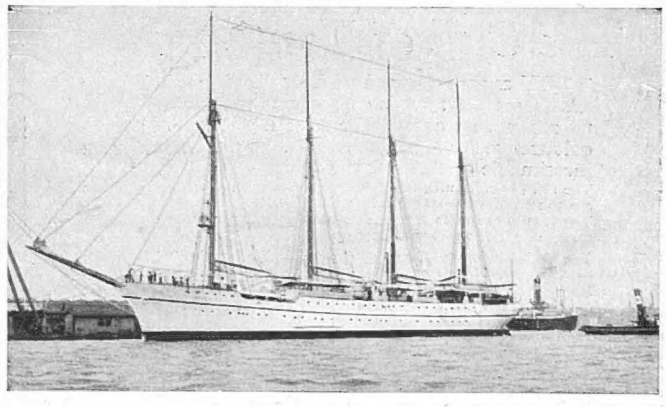

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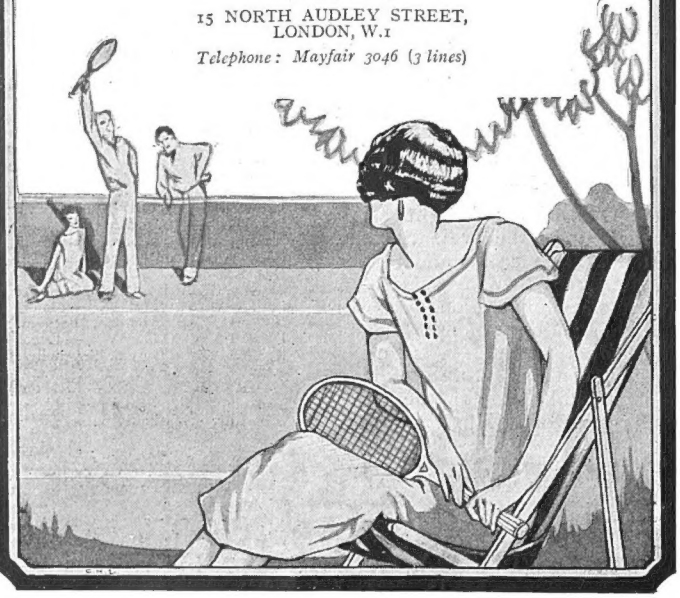

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TEA FROCK

"JOAN"

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Outsize 21/- extra.

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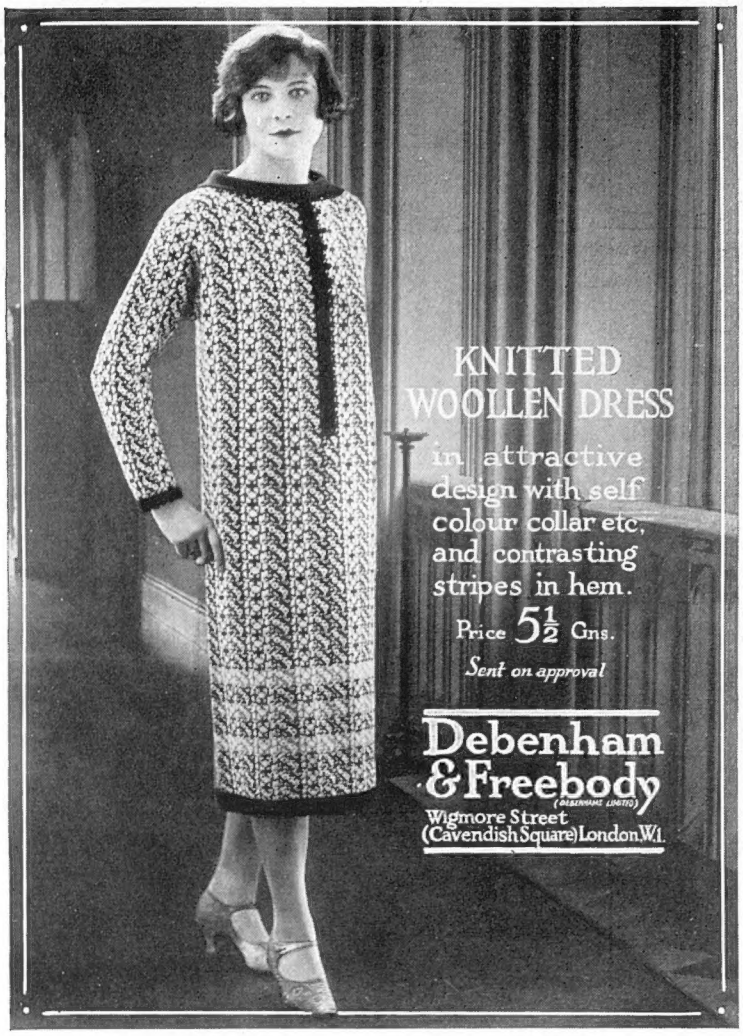

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Good quality Velour Hat in a large range of colours. Price 39/6

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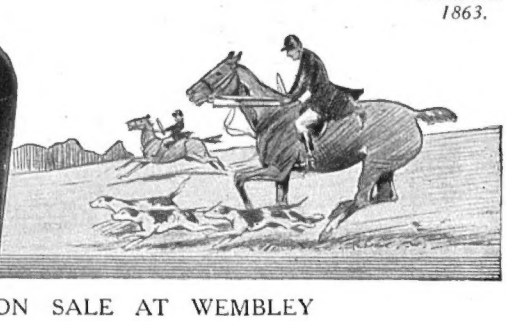

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The Name

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The "Nonetta Parting" Transformation (your "friend in need"). Price from 15 Guineas. Toupet from 7 Guineas.

Please write for Illustrated and Descriptive Catalogue; it will interest you.

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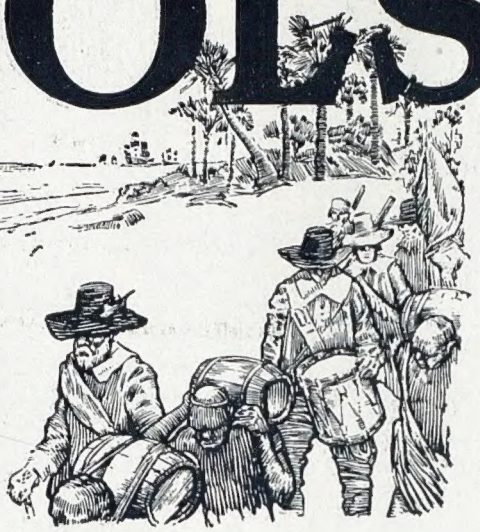
BOLS



In 1575 the small Dutch colony around Table Bay had Bols from the homeland to smooth their pioneer path.

FIGHTERS and discoverers, colonisers and traders have been thankful for Bols, as consolation amidst hardships, since 1575. That thing must indeed be good which men will take across the sea, the desert and the jungle.

BOLS

Good friends for any man are Bols: Very Old Gin, Dry Gin, Kümmel, Orange Curaçao (Dry), White Curaçao (Triple Sec), Crême de Menthe, Maraschino, and Cherry Brandy.

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25-26-27 BERNERS STREET, W.1.

The Bystander, August 19, 1925 No. 1133. Vol. LXXXVII

The BYSTANDER

Yevonde

THE COUNTESS OF SEAFIELD

Who succeeded to the title in 1915. Her father, the eleventh Earl, who was a Captain in the Queen's Own Cameron Highlanders, died of wounds received in action in the early stages of the War

A Summer Valentine

De Mirjian Studios

MISS VANGIE VALENTINE

Who is one of the "personal assets" of the Summer Edition of the Ziegfeld Follies, who are quite a national institution in the U.S.A. The Ziegfeld Follies have been "at home" for a long time now at the New Amsterdam Theatre in "Lil' Ole Noo Yark"

BYSTANDER COMMENTS

ALL THE WORLD'S A STAGE.

WHERE DO ALL THE FRENCH GO IN THE SUMMER TIME —'

The Flight to France

Where do all the French go
In the summer time?

To my own personal knowledge the shores of France are populous with English visitors, and I have enough personal friends holiday-making in Normandy and Brittany to fill all the available accommodation at least twice over. The question is, what happens to the natives who have to move out to make room for them?

EVIDENTLY MY CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE COTE D'AZUR AS A SUMMER RESORT HAS NOT FALLEN ON DEAF EARS —'

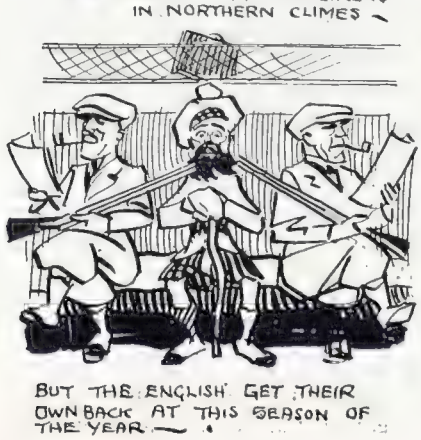
How Dare We?

Some of them, I imagine, must be sleeping in the coal-hole, if one is to judge from the grousings and grumblings that come rumbling across the Channel. How dare the wicked English turn France into a playground, causing the good people of Dieppe and Deauville to work overtime? How dare they force up the price of commodities? The only answer I can think of is that the prices are fixed by the unfortunate French people themselves, and that an all-round reduction would be welcomed by those visitors who find living no cheaper on the northern coast of France than they left it on the southern shore of England.

I HAVE ALWAYS VIEWED WITH SUSPICION THAT SOUTHERN RACES ARE MORE POLITE THAN DWELLERS IN NORTHERN CLIMES —'

Summer in the South

Deauville is not catching all the visitors this year. I don't refer to that mystery resort which M. Cornuché is supposed to be developing further down the coast. I am receiving quite a budget of picture-postcards from the Riviera, an unusual thing for this time of year. Evidently my championship of the Côte d'Azur as a summer resort has not fallen on deaf ears, and I can only say to my correspondents that if I have succeeded in making them happy, then they have most certainly made me happy too-oo!



BUT THE ENGLISH GET THEIR OWN BACK AT THIS SEASON OF THE YEAR —'

The Secret Season

Mrs. C. N. Williamson was, and, I suppose, still is, an ardent champion of what she christened "the Secret Season." In her book, *The Lure of Monte Carlo*, she devoted many pages to a rhapsody on the Riviera during the unfashionable months, reminding us that the summer visitor may visit Grasse at the season when the clean brick floors of the scent factories are carpeted with violets and roses. At no other times are the mountain excursions more delightful; the fireflies "like winding rivers of flashing golden light pour through the dull silver avenues of the olive trees"; bathing is in full swing, and

HOW DARE THEY FORCE UP THE PRICE OF COMMODITIES —'

THE SECRET SEASON —

I HAVE KNOWN SEVERAL MEN WHO BELIEVED THAT THEY WERE NAPOLEONS —'

TAKE A TRIP FOR OLD TIMES SAKE

"WHAT WILL THE HARVEST BE?" By Blam

under the awnings of the Hôtel de Paris red-shaded electric candles glow like roses in the purple dusk.

Provence or Picardy

I HAVE always viewed with suspicion the statement that southern races are more polite than dwellers in northern climes, but, at this season of the year, you will certainly be treated with greater consideration in Provence than you will in Picardy. Hotel-keepers at the northern resorts haven't time to be polite to anyone; they are driven distracted with enquiries and complaints, and the amount of money they are forced to turn away is enough to sour a saint. But in the south pleasant-faced gentlemen sit in the sunshine waiting to welcome the stray guests who may have the wisdom to pass that way.

A Useful Purpose

RATHER a fuss is being made about the production at an outlying theatre of Mr. Thomas Hardy's *Tess*, but the event will serve a useful purpose if it draws the attention of the rising generation to an extraordinarily fine novel that they might have otherwise missed. It is hard to believe that it caused a sensation on its first appearance, and that *Jude the Obscure* was supposed to be the author's revenge on his critics. As was said at the time, "If you push a swimmer's head under water a less pleasing portion of his anatomy rises to the surface!" Poor Jude!

Eccentricity

WE have been reading again of that queer Brightonian, the late Mr. Treherne, who wandered about the south coast resort during the summer in leather gaiters and a couple of overcoats. Twenty years ago Mr. Treherne was numbered among my acquaintances, but I never discovered the reason for his quaint sartorial notions. Mild eccentricity is one of the most baffling phases of human nature—far more baffling than madness, which proceeds along quite conventional lines. I have known several men who believed that they were Napoleons, but I have only met one who wore leggings and two overcoats during the dog-days.

The Stray Scot

WE are apt to complain of the number of Scotsmen who come south and push mere Englishmen into the odd corners of the commercial world, but the English get their own back at this season of the year, when the stray Scot who goes north for a holiday finds it very difficult to get a seat in the train. At the same time I'm afraid we can't describe this as a fair exchange, for the canny Scot gets the Englishman's money in each case.

A Rare Tangle

POLITICS are getting into a rare tangle when, on the same day, we have the Prime Minister holding out a verbal olive-branch to Mr. Lloyd George ("I have a sneaking affection, after all that has passed, for the greatest of living Welshmen") and a prominent member of the I.L.P. announcing that Mr. Shaw would not be seriously regarded as a modern Socialist. I don't know which of the twain, Mr. Lloyd George or Mr. Shaw, will be the more hurt, but the former must surely resent the P.M.'s reservation that makes him only the greatest of *living* Welshmen.

For Old Times' Sake

THE old horse-bus that is to be seen braving the motor traffic in the Strand brings back memories of days when a seat next to the driver was a most desirable thing. Do you remember how those jolly old men would bang the tin advertisements with the butt end of their whip, and have you forgotten the things they said to the taxi-drivers, who, in those distant days, threatened to push them into oblivion? It was all very cheery, and, to quote the appeal printed on the old bus, you cannot do better than "take a trip for old times' sake."

A Cricket Prophecy

I AM indeed sorry that Craig, "the Surrey poet," is not with us to hymn the praises of Jack Hobbs in this year of grace. A correspondent reminds me that many years ago, he (Craig) immortalised our premier batsman in the following verse:

> Joy reigned in the Pavilion,
> And gladness amongst his clan;
> Whilst thousands breathed good wishes round the ring.
> Admirers dubbed the youngster
> As Surrey's coming man:
> In Jack Hobbs' play they saw the genuine ring.

From which you will gather that Craig was better at prophecy than poesy.

Topical Weeknesses

BY H. H. HARRIS

SOME PICTORIAL NOTES OF THE MARCH OF EVENTS

WHO, WHEN & WHERE

BY THE BYSTANDER IN SOCIETY

TAKING A LOW ONE

Mr. Dudley Docker, who entertained a house-party at Dunalastair for the 12th. The small dog in the foreground is probably not gun-shy—and certainly not camera-shy!

The Rush to the North

THE rush to Scotland after Cowes, the railway people say, was unprecedented. Cohorts of people and mountains of luggage necessitated trains being run in as many as eight portions, each one *choc-à-bloc*. And the number of gun-cases and golf-bags induced the reflection that the revenue must draw a goodly sum from gun licences, and the Scottish golf-links a pleasant addition to their income in visitors' subscriptions.

Grouse Prospects

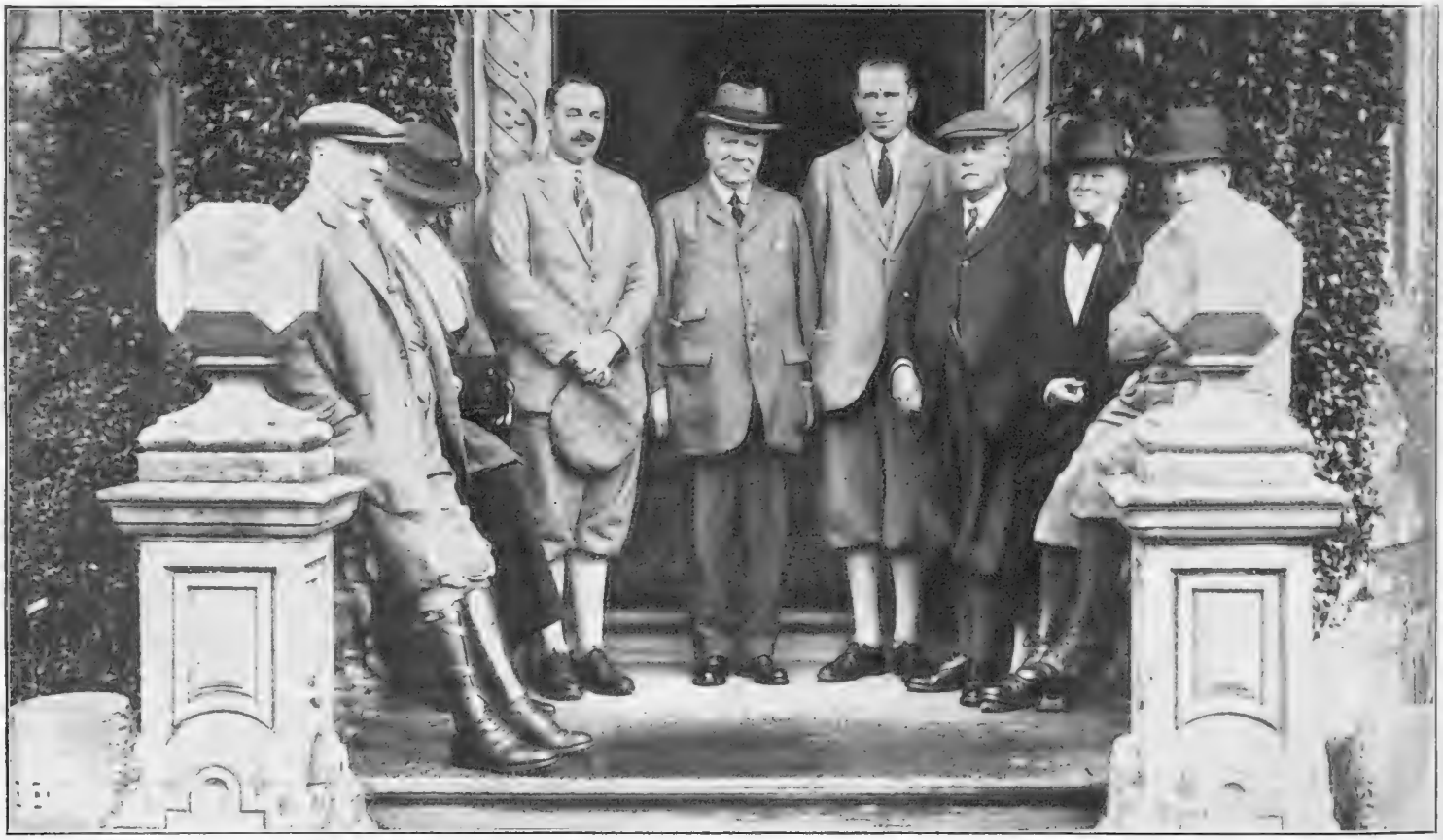
UNLESS keepers and moor-owners are unduly optimistic there is every promise of a good grouse year. In fact, Caithness and Argyllshire are the only districts where heavy bags are not expected. This is explained by the devastation amongst the grouse in Caithness last year, when thousands of birds were blown out to sea by a terrific gale in March following a heavy fall of snow which covered the heather, and so deprived them of food. The Argyllshire moors suffered more than any others during the War from the increase of vermin, and consequently the keepers have had a heavy task. On the other hand, the reports from the deer-forests are excellent everywhere.

At Deauville

IF the crowded boats from Southampton and packed hotels are to be taken as signs and symbols, a goodly number of people preferred the attractions of the *grande semaine* at Deauville to the excitement of shooting their first grouse on the Twelfth. The place has never been fuller or gayer, I hear. This year bathing-gowns, both for he's and she's, in amazing combinations of colours and patterns, are the Deauville fashion. There is always one particular fashion there. Last year it was bare legs and feet and ochre complexions for the ladies.

If it is true that the days of Deauville are numbered as an exclusive centre of cosmopolitan fashion—and heavy expenditure—and that in future years the Potinière will echo to the *potins* of the *bourgeoisie* and the mere tripper instead of to those of *Tout Paris* Mayfair, and the *Almanac de Gotha*, there are certainly no signs of an impending change.

The Casino, I am told, is crowded every night, and play runs high. You can't get a table at the Potinière unless you are in



Photographs *Sport and General*

THE DUNALASTAIR HOUSE-PARTY

Mr. and Mrs. Dudley Docker (left) with their house-party at Dunalastair, in Perthshire, before starting off for the first shoot of the season. Their guests are Sir Pierce Lacy, Mr. Bernard Docker, Col. and Mrs. W. F. Wyley, Mr. Edwin Docker and Mr. John Docker

THE PARTY CROSSING THE MOOR TO THE BUTTS

WITH MR. J. G. MURRAY'S PARTY

Some of the guests in Mr. J. G. Murray's party, whose shoot was over the Newbiggin Moors at Blanchland, in Northumberland

COL B. HANBURY

MR. MAX TOWNLEY

Photographs *Sport and General*

MAJ.-GEN. SIR LOUIS VAUGHAN

good time for your *apéritif*; you can scarcely move on the beach at bathing time, and the dresses and jewels are more wonderful than ever. But, so my correspondent tells me, a certain proportion of the crowds during the daytime are obviously spectators.

Hundreds come in daily by char-à-banc from the neighbouring seaside places just to watch the flutterings of the fashionables. They take up tables at the Potinière, gaze their fill, wander amongst the gaily-cloaked bathers on the beach, then return to whence they came. As Deauville only benefits by their visit to the extent of a cup of coffee, an *apéritif*, or maybe a modest luncheon in a cheap restaurant near the station, this may be one of Monsieur Cornuché's reasons for considering the possibilities of La Baule as a successor to Deauville.

A Tragic Empress

If the report that the ex-Empress Zita is going to take a part in a film-play in America dealing with the history of the Hapsburgs is true, it only shows the desperate straits to which the unhappy lady is reduced. Her situation is one of the injustices of the War. Prussia gives the ex-Kaiser the revenues from his personal property, but the Austrians, whilst seizing everything belonging to the ex-Emperor Carl, do not give his widow and children a penny.

The small house in which they live in Spain was built by the local inhabitants and given to the ex-Empress as a mark of sympathy with her misfortunes. A very slender income comes from a few devoted and faithful people in Austria. Beyond this she has nothing. But a successor on the Austrian throne of the Empress Maria Theresa, and the beautiful Empress Elizabeth as a film star! The world certainly has turned upside down.

The Loneliest Monarch in Europe

And in the Balkans there is another tragic figure, the youthful King Boris of Bulgaria. At one time it was thought he would marry a daughter of the King and Queen of Roumania. But either the clever Queen Marie saw the possible dangers to which her daughter might be subjected, or the young King felt he could not

THREE TO PLAY *J. C. H. Balmain*

North Berwick is filling up rapidly with golfing enthusiasts, who are making the most of a not too kindly August on the famous links. Above are seen Mrs. Leslie Balfour Melville (left), Miss Joan Brooker and Mrs. Bache-Hay waiting for the "all clear" signal

ask any woman to share his difficult existence. At any rate, the project—if project there actually was—came to nothing.

King Boris is the loneliest monarch in Europe. Since he was placed on the throne after his father, King Ferdinand's forced abdication, he has been cut off entirely from his family until quite recently, when the Bulgarian Government invited his younger brother, Prince Cyril, to come and stay with him for several months.

There is something intensely pathetic in a confidence made by King Boris. "I am very unhappy," he said, "I dream of having a wife, and a cottage somewhere amid my flowers, but instead I am constantly menaced. I had at least a hundred dear friends torn to pieces in the St. Nedelia Cathedral outrage. My people are fighting amongst themselves. We have foreign enemies, and there is no end to it all. I am not responsible for the Government's policy. My father was accused of ruling Bulgaria. I have, therefore, reigned, but never ruled."

J. C. H. Balmain

NEAR THE "NINETEENTH"

The Hon. Mrs. Edward Kitson, the sister-in-law of Lord Airedale, on her way to the first tee on the links at North Berwick

Some Town Houses

WHEN Earl Beatty's office as First Sea Lord of the Admiralty comes to an end, he and Lady Beatty will leave the Mall House for a delightful abode they have taken in Grosvenor Square, possessing a fine ballroom and suite of reception rooms. Before Lord Beatty became the First Sea Lord they lived at Hanover Lodge in Regent's Park, where Lady Beatty started the tennis tournaments for charity, now so fashionable.

Hanover Lodge was taken by Prince and Princess Serge Obolensky after their marriage, and their first child was born there three months ago. Princess Serge Obolensky was born Miss Alice Astor, the daughter of Colonel J. J. Astor—a member of that *richissime* family, of which Viscount Astor is the head—and Lady Ribblesdale. You can't be born an Astor without being an heir or an heiress, consequently Princess Serge Obolensky has what the Victorians used to call "a comfortable sufficiency."

I see that the house in Hill Street, which belonged to the late Mr. Frank Bibby, and which was the scene of many brilliant entertainments, has been put up for disposal. Mrs. Frank Bibby has lived there since her husband's death. She was a daughter of the late General Sir Stanley Clarke, one of King Edward's most intimate friends, and the occupier for many years of the Ranger's Lodge in Hyde Park.

Sir Bryan Godfrey-Faussett now occupies the Ranger's Lodge. The permission for taxis to go into the Park has made a world of difference to Sir Bryan and his charming wife, for, nowadays, instead of having to walk from Knightsbridge to the Lodge, they can be deposited practically at their own door.

A Suggestion and a Plea

WITH all his heart your Bystander wishes that English hotel proprietors would follow the example of their brethren in Italy, France and Belgium, and charge a percentage on the total bill for "service." It saves a prodigious amount of arithmetic arrangement and searching for change of all sorts just when one is leaving an hotel.

Experienced travellers always have based their tips on a 10 per cent. basis, but even for them it is a fuss and bother to apportion that 10 per cent. which, of course, only goes to the servants you see—the chambermaid, waiters, porter, boots, lift-man, etc. We all know what a bore it is doling out the tips at the end, and how often we give far too much just because we haven't got the exact change. As for those who tip on no basis at all, well, they either give inadequately or grossly too much.

The new system in Italy, Belgium and France saves you all this fuss. Ten per cent. of your bill's total is added each week, with the result that your tips are a matter between the hotel proprietor and his staff, and you step into your taxi or the hotel omnibus with no necessity to put your

SITTING IT OUT *Central News*

The Countess of Lucan with her daughters, Lady Barbara and Lady Margaret Bingham, photographed at North Berwick. This northern stronghold of golf is now strongly garrisoned under the command of "Colonel Bogey"

Photographs

THE HON. KENNETH MACKAY, LORD INCHCAPE'S HEIR, WITH MRS. MACKAY AND A FRIEND

Topical

MISS M. KEMP (left), CAPT. KINGSCOTE, MRS. E. T. KINGSCOTE AND MAJOR E. T. KINGSCOTE

Some of the onlookers at the Rugby Polo Tournament, which was made especially popular this year by the presence of the Jodhpur team

hand in your pocket, and with no feeling that you have given too little or too much.

Myself, I wonder that the hotel servants in England don't themselves agitate for this simple plan. It saves them from the penuriousness of the truly mean, and likewise prevents that array of outstretched hands in hotel halls which leads to domestic service in hotels being counted amongst the lesser kind of *métiers*. Likewise, it is much fairer than the old system, which meant that only the servants seen by the visitors were tipped. The big staff in the background—kitchen, etc.—got nothing. Now, the 10 per cent. on all bills is divided amongst the entire staff.

During a recent visit to Belgium I asked many hotel servants which they preferred, the old or the new plan. Each one, with not a single exception, said the 10 per cent. on the bills was better for them, because, provided the hotel was fairly full throughout the season, they knew to a few francs what their season's takings would be in tips, whereas under the old system the tips were always a variable quantity.

The Bet and the Bachelor

NATURALLY, it behoves every woman to be in the fashion, but I have never known a time when every woman looked like every other woman as they do now. *Cloche* hats almost down to the nose in front, and to the nape of the neck behind, make a whole row of women as unindividual as a row of ninepins.

This slavish copying of fashion by women of all ages led to an amusing bet at a big country house-party recently. A giddy bachelor, after holding forth in the smoking-room on the present trend of fashions feminine, bet four husbands present that if the ladies of the party sat in a row on the terrace, be-cloched and be-cloaked, the four would not be able to pick out their own wives, looking on the row of ladies from the back, and provided that the wives did not wear hat or cloaks of a colour known to the husbands.

The bet was taken up, the ladies—ten of them—entering into it by wearing one another's hats and cloaks. And the bachelor won! Each of the four husbands made hopelessly bad guesses and had to admit that, seen from the back, all the ten ladies looked exactly alike. Yet in spite of the ten dames following fashion so slavishly that they all presented the same back view, they were not pleased. No bachelor was ever more unpopular than the winner of the bet.

The Countess of Londesborough

THE Countess of Londesborough, I hear, is not leaving Lincolnshire for Sussex as I told you last week. The house on the Sussex Downs which she has bought recently is to take the place of her London house, which she has sold. Lady Londesborough will still make her chief home with her son, the Earl of Londesborough, at Blankney Hall.

W. Dennis Moss

BYSTANDERS AT BADMINTON

An interested trio at the Beaufort Hunt Show, showing Mr. Pritchard (left), Lady Blanche Douglas, and the Duchess of Beaufort

British Illus.

SHOW TIME IN HERTFORDSHIRE

The Duchess of Bedford (right) with Miss Green, prepared for storm or shine at the Tring Agricultural Society's Show held last week in Tring Park

Queen Mary's Hospital

THE bazaar held at Grosvenor House for Queen Mary's Hospital for the East End, of which Her Majesty is the patron, resulted in £1,650 being added to the Hospital's funds. This was in no small measure due to the efforts of the Countess of Pembroke and the Marchioness of Blandford, the Chairman

D. Smith

A SCOTTISH WEDDING

Lieut. John Alexander Paul R.N. (retired), son of Mr. and Mrs. Paul of Glasgow, and his bride, Miss Aimée Forrester, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Forrester of Stirling. They are seen leaving Holy Trinity Church, Stirling, after their marriage last week

AND—

G.P.U.

AN ENGLISH ONE

Mr. Edward Greenall of the Life Guards, leaving St. Marks, North Audley Street, with his bride, Miss Joan Sheriffe, elder daughter of Capt. and Mrs. R.T.O. Sheriffe, of Melton Mowbray. The bridegroom is the second son of Sir Gilbert and Lady Greenall

and Vice-Chairman of the Ladies' West-End Committee of the Hospital, helped by the Countess of Brecknock, the Duchess of Sutherland, the Duchess of Westminster, Lady Louis Mountbatten, Lady Juliet Trevor, Lady Plunkett and Viscountess Cranborne.

More beds are urgently needed at the Hospital. At present there are only 200, which are so utterly inadequate to meet the demands made upon the Hospital that a sum of £30,000 is required immediately to meet the crying needs of the poor neighbourhood in which it is situated. If you are moved to help, as I hope you will be, send your donation to Major Raphael Jackson, Queen Mary's Hospital, Stratford, E.15.

The Ladies' Imperial Club

On the page of caricatures by Miss Phyllis Kennode of members of the Ladies' Imperial Club, which appeared in our issue of July 29, it was stated that Lady Lawrence, C.B.E., was the President and Mrs. Trimm the Secretary. It has since been brought to my notice that the Duchess of Abercorn is President, Lady Lawrence the Chairman, and Mrs. Trimm the *Honorary* Secretary of the club.

SPORT IN GERMANY

Lord D'Abernon, who has been our Ambassador at Berlin since 1920, on the courts of a Berlin lawn tennis club. The photograph was taken during the United Services and Diplomatic Club's tournament

Sport and General

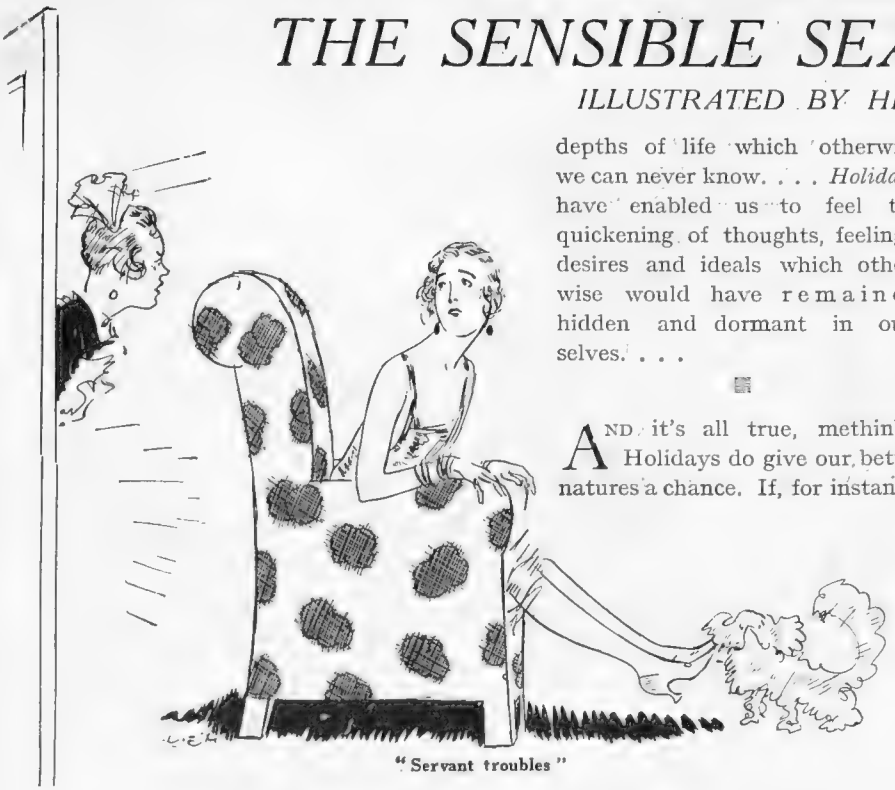
TAY FOR TWO

Lord Allenby, who is a keen angler, fishing the Tay for salmon. The photograph was taken at Stanley Waters, Pitlochry Head

THE SENSIBLE SEASON

By Blanchette

ILLUSTRATED BY HELEN McKIE



"Servant troubles"

LONDON, *August* 17

DEAR COUSIN—

So this is what they call the Silly Season. Or, anyway, so I rather tend to gather from various signs and symptoms, such as appearance in the public prints of long and interesting articles about such urgent and enthralling topics as "Do Actresses Make Good Wives?" or "Ought We to Hole Out All Our Putts on the Greens?" With corresponding absence of so-called important news about Bills and Acts and Committees and Crises and International Complications and what not—due largely, if would seem, just to the simple but significant fact that the House of Commons is on holiday.

卐

Oh, Liberty, Liberty (as the famous French philosopher of old time might have put it if he'd only lived a bit longer or learnt a little more), what remarkably nice things are committed in thy name! Liberty being, of course, only another name for holidays—which is as near as any one of us 'll ever get to liberty these days, or ever did in any, for that matter, I expect, if only the truth were told.

卐

As one of our present-day philosophers remarks, no man who does not learn how to play can learn the fullness of life. . . The end of education is to enable us to enjoy life, and indolence and freedom are the necessary conditions of true enjoyment. . . . The passiveness which comes when we slip off the restraints of accustomed duty and disregard the clock's measurement of time makes us conscious of depths of life which otherwise we can never know. . . . *Holidays* have enabled us to feel the quickening of thoughts, feelings, desires and ideals which otherwise would have remained hidden and dormant in ourselves. . . .

卐

And it's all true, methinks. Holidays do give our better natures a chance. If, for instance, we should happen to be sojourning for a while by the side of the silvery sea, all bills, servant troubles, business worries and other little handicaps of life are for the moment completely and in fact compulsorily forgot, seeing that we can't possibly really attend to 'em until the time of our return. . . . And if, all these things being so, we get up, even on the very first morning of our arrival, comparatively carefree, don suitable bathing suit, plunge in the waves, return tingling, dress *dégagé-ly* (now utterly without care), and proceed to absorb in reckless mood a healthily excessive breakfast—well, our better nature starts functioning straightaway and right at once, doesn't it?

卐

We are at peace with all the world. For the first time for (quite possibly) twelve whole months we see things as they really are. We have time to observe (there being no shopping toward, and Bond Street a mere expensive, far-off nightmare, and all the pomps and vanities of life a distant dream) that the sky's rather a fascinating blue and the sea a distinctly seductive kaleidoscope of all the hues and tints and colours that ever were. So gloriously big, too, broadening and broadening out to what looks like infinity. And only yesterday we were simply dithered to death about such tiny little things—whether we'd chosen the right things to bring with us and who'd take care of the cat, and if the taxi could possible arrive in time, and how we'd ever manage for a whole month away from our proper goods and chattels. . . .

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All changed suddenly and at once. The whole slate wiped perfectly clean by that one great all-absorbing sponge of the holidays. The Silly Season, do they call it, forsooth? The Sensible Season meseems would be a far, far more sensible name. And as for the better nature business, perfect

"In Italy they've been throwing ladies out of church"

miracles accomplished in that direction forthwith.

卐

Look at the way we're quite enthusiastically polite to that hateful Mrs. Brown who lives next door to us and is our special particular *bête noire*, because of her noisy children whom each night we yearn to slay, not to mention her horrible wireless noises until 1 a.m. at least. You'd think (so long as our better natures are being thus over-stimulated) that we loved her as our dearest friend, and we even offer her the use of our bathing tent—on a day when we know we can't possibly want it as we're going off on a motoring trip to Plymouth or Aberdovey or Bude, or somewhere, and won't be back till the hotel's locking-up time or after. But that's just between you and me.

卐

Indolence and freedom—if only the world would allow us to enjoy it. And if only we could be permitted, just a bit oftener, the time to think. Perhaps we could think of some quite nice things to amuse it, as well as us, if we only had time. But it is such a fearful, terrible rush the whole affair, is not it ?—at least in the ordinary way. But now at last for a space we have leisure, haven't we, to stop for a while and do a bit of quiet brain-exercises—what ?

卐

Simply terribly interesting things there do seem to be going on all the while, you know, spite of London's having been officially deserted by all the people who think (and rightly, no doubt) that they matter, and Law Courts and Parliament both of 'em absolutely *non est* till winter comes, or thereabouts. *And* the King and Queen and all the Court due at Balmoral to-morrow as ever is, which thoroughly brings home to one, does not it, that we're right in the very midst of the wilderness of Nothing-Doing, here in London now.

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Rather nice, in a way, to know that you aren't officially *there*. And that all of us can do whatever we blinking well please, in a kind of a manner of speaking, seeing that we ought, if we were worth our salt or our little line or so in Debrett, to be gaily shooting the grouse on the moors of Kingussie or Machrihanish, or tempting the waves at Deauville and Dieppe, or Spartanly sucking up the utterly unpalatable waters of certain Hun *Bads* that I refuse to name, having a sort of prejudice against the aforesaid nation that dates from *long* before the War (and has not been notably mollified thereby).

"Sort of prejudice against the aforesaid nation"

卐

Talking of the moors, we're to be utterly and entirely masculine there this summer, you know. Collars, Eton or otherwise, absolutely *de rigueur*, also ties and pockets, and, of course, suits to match. Though for properly feminine garb Paris has decreed that we shall continue in the slim and straight line, with a rather higher waist and widening skirts. But the "little frock" of simple stuffs is dead, and velvet and fur are all the mode of the moment.

"We're to be utterly masculine"

卐

Though if only we listened to some of our (male) censors, there simply wouldn't *be* any fashions at all to bother about, whether short or long, narrow or wide. "Not fair to the dear boys," says the Rev. Richard Free of somewhere in Fulham, about our flappers' frocks—I don't quite know what he means, but it must be all right, coming from a British vicar. But in Italy they're much more matter-of-fact and precise.

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In which sun-kissed and so, you might have thought, insouciant country, it's been solemnly enacted, I hear, by no less than an Archbishop, that no woman, flapper or otherwise, is to be admitted to any sort of church service or function unless her frock—(1) descends to just above the feet, (2) leaves no more than two finger-breadths (breadths, mark you, not lengths) uncovered at the neck, (3) has sleeves reaching to below the elbow. Sounds a well-nigh incredibly dowdy edict, but, mind you, not to be rashly neglected or despised. In fact, seems at one of Italy's smartest seaside resorts they've actually been turning women out of church who didn't slavishly conform to above-mentioned rules.

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Wonderfully energetic person is Mr. C. B. Cochran and no mistake. Whilst still in the "sitting up and taking a little nourishment" stage, aforementioned C. B. C. got busy on that new song and dance show—*Bon Ton* it's called—at the Troc., and now it's going great guns in the Grill Room every night—always excepting the Sabbath I need hardly add. Full of go it is too, what with the incomparable Massine in a jolly Goya episode—the Picnic to wit, and Greta Fayne, Richard Dolman and all the rest of them keeping things well on the move for a bright forty minutes or thereabouts.

With love, Yours ever,

Blanchette

From Our Portrait Gallery

Hay Wrightson

MISS WINIFRED CHANDOS-POLE

The only daughter of Lieut.-Col. Reginald Chandos-Pole, M.F.H., of Radburne Hall, Derby. Miss Chandos-Pole is a great-granddaughter of the fifth Earl of Harrington

Motley Musings

THE opinions of certain Socialist leaders resemble the attitude of the famous Scotsman who started on a journey with one shirt and a sovereign—and changed neither.

. . . . . .

A SHEFFIELD man has been fined for pulling the communication cord of a railway carriage. The rumour that he was on his way to be married is incorrect.

. . . . . .

IT is suggested that a fund be opened to compensate those who have been wrongfully accused. It is hoped that our police will identify themselves with this movement.

. . . . .

MEN and women are now on the same footing as regards the Civil Service examinations. Once more one sex embraces the other.

. . . . .

FROM a provincial paper: "The Mayor and his corporation attended Divine Service." Why call attention to the good gentleman's obesity?

. . . . .

A SCHOOLBOY writes to us asking whether *allumettes domestiques* is the correct French for "House Matches."

. . . . .

"YOU say that your husband struck you several times over the head with a saucepan. Did he afterwards express any regret to you?"

"No, your worship, they took 'im to the 'ospital before 'e came round!"

. . . . .

TO-DAY'S REFLECTION: Nothing smells so rank to a golfer as a dead stymie.

To wait one's turn to-day beside an ice-cream fountain seems like a month of sundaes.

. . . . . .

WOMEN are often unreasonable, but the limit is surely reached when a wife, who is annoyed with her husband for keeping late hours, tells him that the next time he arrives home at 2 a.m. she will make him get up and let himself in!

. . . . . .

THE WEAK SPOT

My lady's made of noble stuff,
Of fibre delicate yet tough;
She is patrician to the core,
And rules with rods of iron o'er
Her household (being up to snuff!).

Even the butler dare not bluff;
The very footman at the door
Her lightest whim may not ignore,
And yet my lady quails before
My lady's maid!

So I, though lyrical as Burns,
And though my ardent spirit yearns
To bubble forth poetic lore,
Yet fear my flinty editor,
And feel, whenever he returns
My lay, dismayed!

OUR Margate correspondent writes that the following phenomenon has been sighted on the town's jetty:—"Biped with ginger beard and yachting cap, wearing M.C.C. blazer and shorts." *Later:* "Its female accomplice was a chemical blonde with a pink sunbonnet and a puce raincoat."

As our Yankee friends would say, the latter must sure have been the cat's lip-stick.

. . . . . .

COMPENSATION

Becau-cau-cause I stut-tut-tutter so,
My fr-fr-friends repi-pi-pi-pi-pine,
I do-do-don't; I'm p-p-paid, you know,
So m-m-much a li-li-li-li-line!

. . . . . .

AFTER all, Mr. G. K. Chesterton is not going to give us the promised volume "Paradox Lost," nor Sir Hall Caine "Domes of Silence."

. . . . . .

"SORRY to see you're so much under the weather, old man. Why don't you go and drown your sorrow?"

"My dear chap, she's inches taller than I am!"

. . . . . .

IT is alleged that there is only one dry thing in America. And that's their cellars!

. . . . . .

ANSWER TO CORRESPONDENT: Yes, you are safe in saying that the cox is one over the Eight.

HARTLEY CARRICK

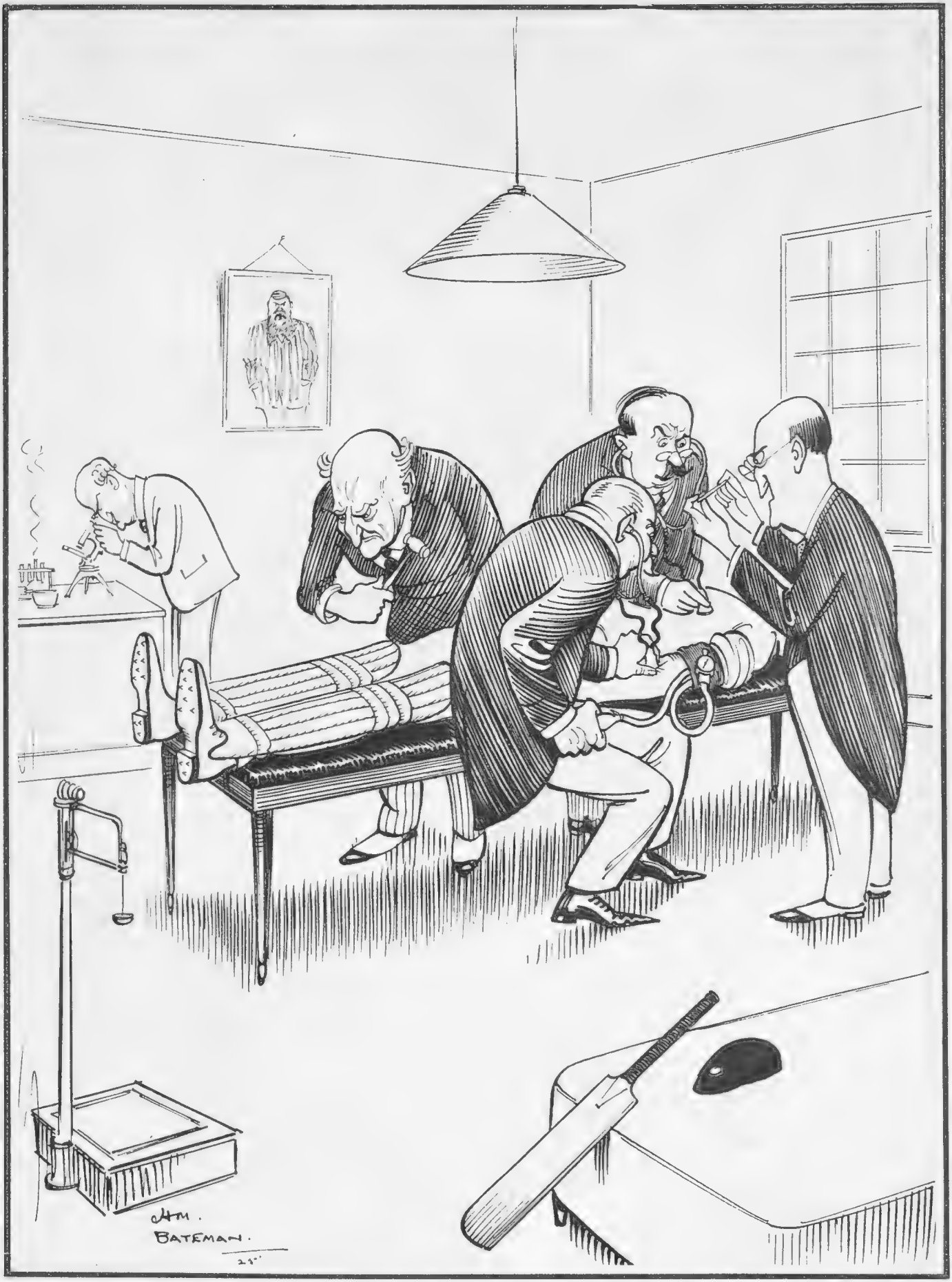
HIS TROUSSEAU-DE-VIE

By Graham Simmons

CUSTOMS OFFICIAL: "I thought you said you had nothing in your bag but wearing apparel—what's this?"

LADY: "Oh—er—that's my husband's night-cap!"

Figuring It Out



BY H. M. BATEMAN

Eminent surgeons in consultation upon one John Berry Hobbs, a cricketer, for an acute case of Suppressed Century

Produced on July 22, 1925

By "JINGLE"

Illustrated by
MACMICHAEL

THE COMEDY—AND TRAGEDY—OF ERRORS
Mr. Hickett (Hastings Lynn) readily accepts the explanation of his wife (Yvonne Arnaud) regarding the breakdown of the car and the subsequent developments. Meanwhile Mrs. Wykeham (Madge Saunders) flatly refuses to believe her husband, Peter (Ralph Lynn), when he tells her the same story

THIS is a play clearly destined to be a popular success. It is on the lines of what used to be called a "Palais Royal" farce, but it has been so adroitly adapted for home consumption that it cannot offend the nicest British susceptibilities. The young ladies from the suburbs will find the theme of absorbing interest. A very proper gentleman and a very proper lady find themselves stranded at a lonely country inn, and by force of circumstances are obliged to occupy the same bedroom for the night. As a general proposition we know that in the case of people who are not married to each other such a state of affairs is not correct. The very proper gentleman's idea is to leave the lady in peaceful possession of the room, and the fun of the play consists of a series of complications that seem to be making the ultimate isolation of the lady a sheer impossibility. But it is all very correct and very amusing.

MR. RALPH LYNN is the hero of the occasion. Playgoers familiar with this actor's extraordinary versatility will enjoy more than ever the ease with which he makes his light jests out of still lighter material. The peals of laughter follow one after the other with the regularity of waves breaking on the shore with the incoming tide. Mr. Peter Wykeham, the very proper gentleman in question, was about to start in the train with his wife for a country visit. At the last minute he rushed off to buy some papers, and when he got back the train had gone. He therefore decides to follow his wife by car, and it is said that there are railways in this country whose "express" trains can be easily beaten by road transit. So far the story is propriety itself. The accident is one that might happen to the most righteous among us. Just as he was leaving the station Mr. Wykeham met Mrs. Hickett, who also has just missed her train. He naturally offers her a seat in his car. A gentleman could do no less.

IN a remote part of Somerset, some miles still from their destination, the car has the usual breakdown in the pouring rain. Mr. Wykeham and Mrs. Hickett manage to reach the village inn, where it is clear they will have to pass the night. But there is only one room available, and Mrs. Spoker, the respectable landlady, will not let the room to couples unless they declare themselves to be man and wife. This shows that whatever the rest of the country may have become, Somerset, at least, has remained English. In order that Mrs. Hickett may have shelter for the night, Mr. Wykeham gives the necessary undertaking, confident that he will be able to camp out downstairs in the parlour, in order to ensure the lady's privacy. But Mrs. Spoker remains to be reckoned with. When the lights of the inn are out for the night, Mr. Wykeham steals into the parlour with a blanket and a pillow, presumably his half of the double-bed upstairs, and prepares himself for sleep on an adjacent bench.

MRS. SPOKER promptly arrives on the scene to veto this convenient arrangement. She will have nothing of that sort in her inn. The place of a husband is in bed with his wife at that hour of the night, and to the intense delight of the audience she drives Mr. Wykeham back to the lady's room again. Mrs. Hickett is by this time in bed with a book, and it is agreed that Mr. Wykeham shall sleep on the floor at the foot of the bed. But the cutting draught that comes under the door compels him to abandon his position as soon as he has taken it up. Mrs. Hickett is all sympathy, and suggests that if he arranges his bed under the old-fashioned four-poster wash-hand stand that is at the other end of the room, he will

be more comfortable. As it happens, the draught there is worse than ever. Mr. Wykeham is therefore driven to the fireplace, and it is impossible to ignore the fact that this change of position brings him nearer to the fair occupant of the bed. Indeed, if you strove to overlook this detail in the interests of discretion, the shouts of laughter from the eager audience would compel you to keep the contingency in view.

MR. WYKEHAM, however, has scarcely settled down when the fireplace begins to smoke horribly. He tries to avoid the affliction in many ways, finally burying his head in the coal-scuttle to the huge delight of the thinking public with a sense of humour. This position is obviously untenable for long, however, and it would seem that Mr. Wykeham must have reached the end of his resources, and must now throw himself on the lady's hospitality. This catastrophe is, however, mercifully averted by the god from the machine in the shape of Mrs. Hickett's lap-dog, which, having been ignominously relegated to the stables on its arrival, is now calling high heaven to witness its isolation and discomfort. The poor little thing must, of course, be at once consoled, and Mrs. Hickett will be obliged if Mr. Wykeham will go down and hold its hand, or something of that sort, until it has sobbed itself to sleep again.

WHEN Mr. Wykeham returns to the room after his trip in the rain he finds he is wet through. Mrs. Hickett says he must, of course, take his clothes off and dry them, a decision which is met by a shout of joy from the enthusiasts in the house. Obviously, however, a gentleman cannot undress in a lady's room—the suburban ladies

Photographs] "PLACE AUX DAMES" [*Stage Photo Co.*

Peter Wykeham (Ralph Lynn) vainly trying to get warm before camping out for the night on the floor. The only bed in the inn has already been commandeered by Mrs. Hickett (Yvonne Arnaud), who offers helpful suggestions to the unfortunate Peter from its comparative comfort

have reminded us of that elementary convention by their hysterical laughter, and therefore Mr. Wykeham steps into the passage, and returns a moment or so later wearing a towel as a kilt. Then he hurriedly places his trousers under the mattress, where they will not only be nicely concealed, but will also enjoy the lady's help as an improvised trouser-presser.

ABOUT this time Major and Mrs. Bone, the father and mother of Mrs. Wykeham, burst into the room and begin to ask questions. Mrs. Bone, indeed, with the usual love of one woman for another, supplies the answers herself, and it is some time before she can be persuaded that she has not got the sum right. Then Mrs. Spoker, awakened by the noise, comes downstairs in her déshabille and learns to her horror that the couple in the

bedroom are not married, and have apparently mistaken her peaceful inn for an hotel on the Brighton front. In the third act everything is, of course, cleared up nicely, and nobody believes anything unkind of anyone. Miss Yvonne Arnaud takes the part of Mrs. Hickett with extreme delicacy, though it may have occurred to her that "they order this matter better in France," as Yorick Sterne has it. Mr. Tom Walls gives an excellent study of a bibulous old Major whose ears prick up instantly at the mention of ale, and many of the lines he has to speak are distinguished by a neat wit that stands out as a refreshing change in dialogue that is, for the most part, only of the topically comic variety.

"A CUCKOO IN THE NEST" travels lightly and skilfully over thin ice without leaving so much as a claw mark, and within its natural limitations it is an extremely able production. It should run for months.

JINGLE

Taking the International Line

BY DAVID WILSON

"ALL PACT UP AND SOMEWHERE TO GO"

A Gringo in the Argentine

By ARTHUR MILLS *Illustrated by BRYAN DE GRINEAU*

No. III.—THE "CAMP"

"Reduced to helpless mirth"

ONE cannot remain long in Buenos Aires without hearing talk of a place they call the "camp." People are either coming from the "camp," or returning thither; or may be they live out there altogether; so-and-so is a "camp" man; he owns a league.

In time one discovers that the "camp" means the countryside—the whole vast area of Argentina, where 27,000,000 head of cattle roam, and, if one is fortunate, one receives an invitation to go out and stop on an estancia. I say fortunate, because it is only in the "camp" that the real soul of the country may be discovered—the golden soil that has brought into being the palaces of Buenos Aires and made Florida the most expensive shopping centre in the world.

Moreover "camp" life is a good life, which a man will come back to once he has tasted it. It is, however, as well that the *gringo* who is going out there should have some knowledge of how to ride. For in the "camp" the horse is everything. The humblest *peon* (ranch hand), earning £3 a month, has his own horse, which he keeps for riding down to the local store on Sunday—or rather his employer keeps the horse, or the *peon* would not long stay with him. It does not cost much to keep a horse in a country where grass is plentiful and horses get little else to eat.

I stayed on one estancia where they had 8,000 head of cattle and 500 horses. Apart from his private stable, each cowboy had six or eight horses allotted him for his work. No wonder they live on horseback; there may even be truth in the legend that in the Far Western Pampas the old gaucho school have become so bow-legged that they cannot walk upstairs. I know that the first day after I arrived on my first visit to an estancia I could not sit down. We went over to play tennis; at least, that is how the young ladies of the place outlined the programme over night. What actually happened was that at daybreak I was woken up to find a horse ready saddled at the door. We set off—our pace being the *gallope*—a hand canter. We "*galloped*" twenty miles, we played tennis, and we "*galloped*" twenty miles home again. This was quite an ordinary day's outing.

Talking of *gauchos*, the gaucho in Argentina is said, like the dodo, to be extinct—a pity, for he was a fine hearty type of fellow, eating his four to five pounds of meat a day, despising those that took vegetables as "eaters of weeds," and reduced to helpless mirth by the sight of an Englishman endeavouring to milk a cow—"for what need hath a man for milk after he be weaned?" He could, of course, ride any horse without bridle or saddle; indeed, in the more primitive districts saddles were seldom seen; he could use a knife as rapidly and dexterously as a chameleon can use its tongue, and on gala occasions wore silver-mounted trappings with considerable effect.

In remoter districts his descendant, the modern *peon*, still clings to some of

"These camp picnics by moonlight are great fun."

the old traditions. Thus, a morning's *potro* taming is a sport much relished by all. Now a *potro* is a South American "bronc," and the visitor to Argentina should beware of him. Some slight acquaintance with the English hunting field or polo ground will be of little help, once hoisted on a *potro's* back. The difference between riding a *potro* and riding a bronc, such as we saw at Wembley, is roughly this: The bronc is given every chance; he has only a halter round his head, and the rider must rely on balance to retain his seat. But any means are lawful to enable a man to remain on a *potro's* back, the most common being to obtain a secure hold of the girths with the largest pair of spurs procurable.

However, at Wembley the test for bronc riding only lasted a minute (which looked quite long enough); the *potro* rider must remain till either he or the horse has won. Moreover, a fall counts against him in the estimation of his fellows. Should an Argentine cowboy be thrown, he will be expected not only to get up and finish his ride on that *potro*, but to tame a fresh horse as well. Argentina is a hard school for horsemen.

The newcomer to the "camp" will hear much talk of *bichos*. Now a *bicho* may be anything from a puma to a mosquito, so long as it is wild; its existence is seldom for the common good. There is, for example, the *bicho colorado*, which loves to burrow under the skin, just above the ankle, and produces maddening irritation; there are armadillos, which make holes in the long grass in which horses put their feet; and in some districts there are mosquitoes whose number and ferocity beggar description.

"Riding a *potro* . . ."

If a picnic is held, it is usual to make a fire of eucalyptus leaves up wind. You then sit munching contentedly in a cloud of smoke, which may make your eyes smart and nose tickle, but which will utterly baffle the mosquitoes. These camp picnics by moonlight are great fun. Half a sheep may be roasted on the ground over a wood fire. This is called an *asado* (roast); the other dish in Argentina is *puchero* (stew). You sit around the *asado*, each with your knife, cutting off what you require and eating with your fingers.

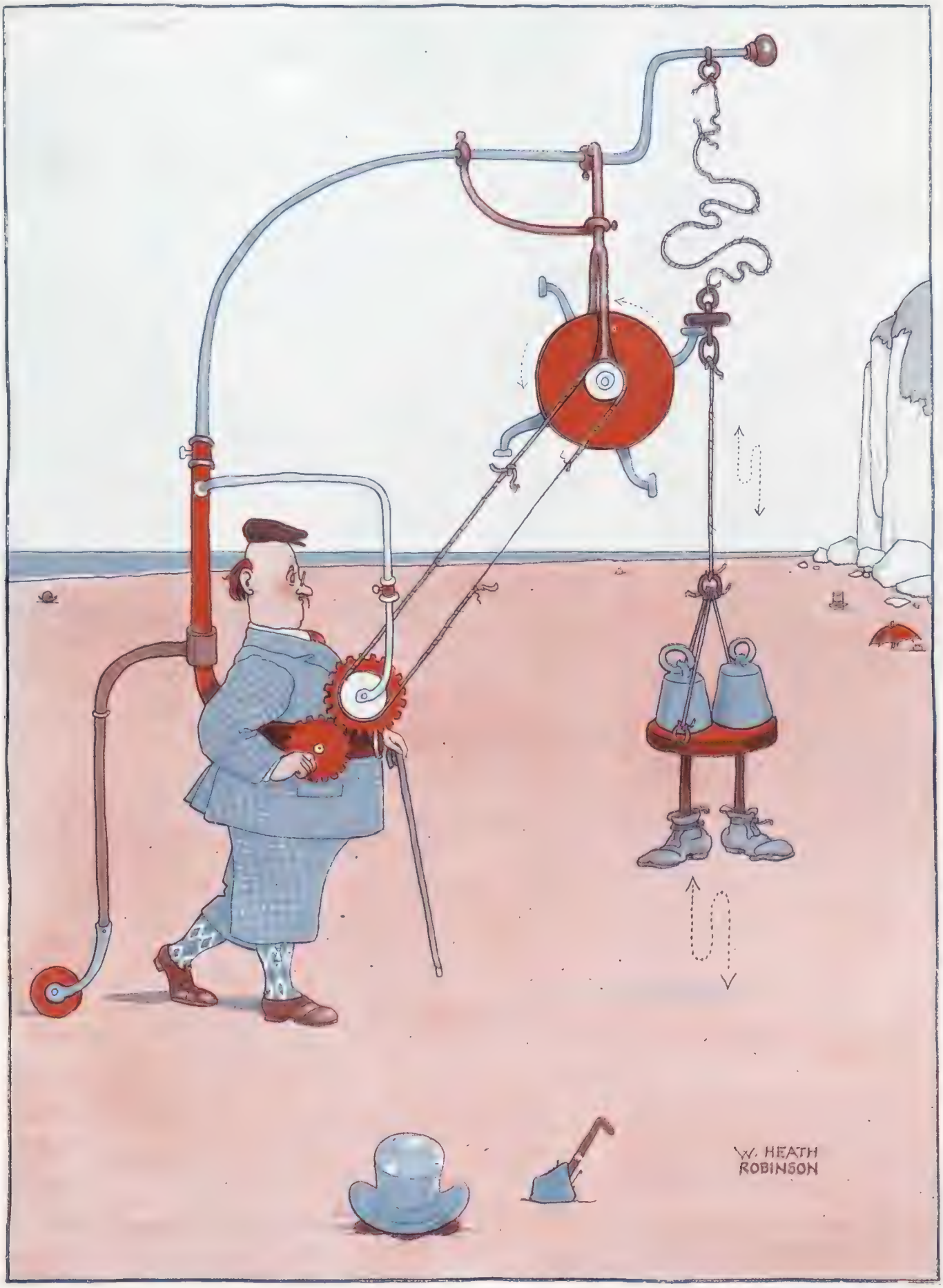
Maté drinking follows, and this is not so nice. *Maté* is a sort of green tea, and is the national drink of the country-folk. It is drunk from a gourd, sucked through a steel or silver tube called the *bombilla*, which is used in turn by all. The *bombilla* is usually red hot; the *maté* tastes like essence of vinegar; all watch you with deep interest when your turn comes to swallow the horrible concoction. However, it has got to be done—smiling, too, no grimaces, for Argentina is a land of courtly manners, which nowhere can be seen to better advantage than among the cattlemen of the "camp."

J. C. H. Salmain

ON NORTH BERWICK'S "ROTTEN ROW"

The four children of Mr. Patrick Ford, who sits for Edinburgh North, crossing the Point Garry Bunker at North Berwick. The photograph shows Harry (left), Margery, Harold and Joan out for a morning's exercise

Avoid That Sinking Feeling!



BY W. HEATH ROBINSON

A simple appliance which enables the tourist to cross the most treacherous quick-sands with impunity

THE SHINGL

BY LAURIE TAYLER

LED SHORE

BY STAN TERRY

AUTUMN MANŒUVRES!

PARISIANA

By "René"

Illustrated by MARCEL PONCIN

MES AMIS—

WHILE we cannot quite complain that we are not receiving our money's worth, we feel that we have been robbed of one of the principal attractions of the Exposition, and under circumstances that are not a little mysterious. We have been deprived of our frogs, and nobody can tell us why, or how. They were not frogs to be eaten. There is still an abundant supply of those for the people who can toothsomely appreciate such a delicacy. These were singing frogs. Frogs that chirruped with a *joie de vivre* and brought the one-note melodies of the *mare* to the heart of the morose metropolis.

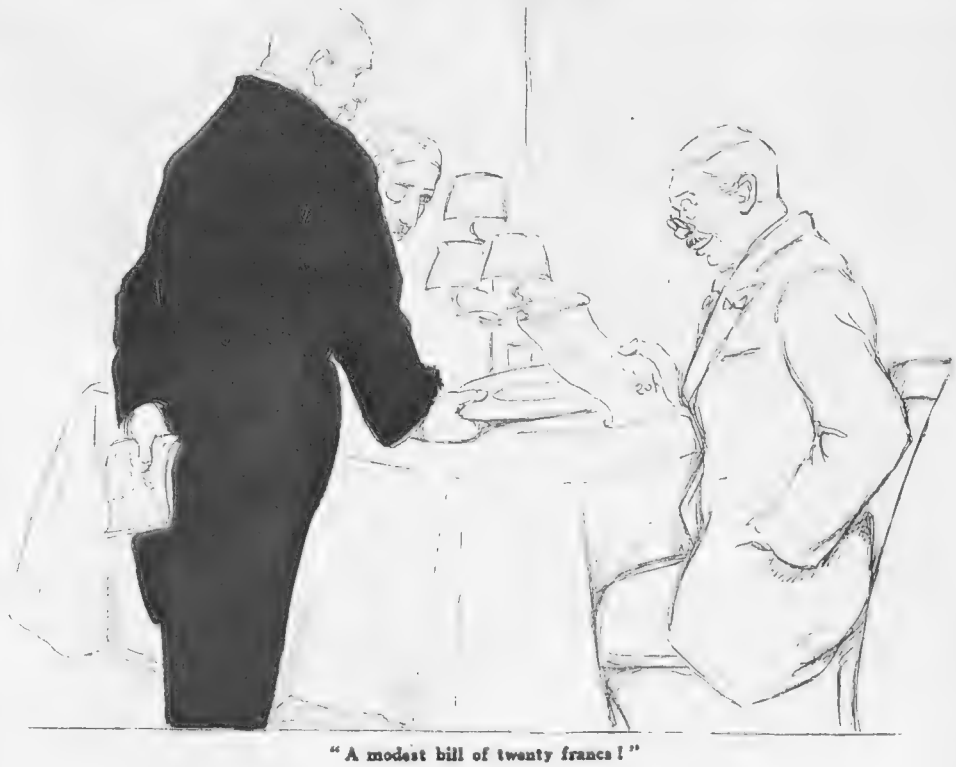
QUAINT to the extreme, *n'est-ce pas*, that a colony of frogs in an artificial pond should have made an appeal that exceeded in drawing power all the weird and tortuous manifestations of decorative art or the thrills of the amusement park. But such are the ways of the great public, and the G.P. has a way of emphasising recognition of its preferences. The G.P. used to assemble nightly by the pool of the Sèvres exhibit at the hour when frogs rejoice musically in unison, and listened almost in ecstasy, just as people at Le Touquet go out to the first tee after dinner and listen, enraptured, to the nightingale. And now our frog choir has vanished, whisked away to the unknown while we slept, leaving a void that the sweetest music cannot fill, nor the most raucous jazz make us forget.

THERE was a charming *légende* to tell of the manner in which the chanting frogs came to be in such apparently inappropriate surroundings as the miniature Wembley of Paris. When the organiser of the Sèvres exhibit inspected his completed efforts and found that the execution of his commands was perfect, he was afflicted by the sort of scruple that touches the true artist. "There is something lacking," he murmured, half audibly, "some form of life, to give animation to the *ensemble*." A cloaked stranger, his face buried under a broad-brimmed hat, heard this lament and responded, "I believe I know what is wanted. You shall have it to-night." And that night the frogs arrived. So great a respect did they inspire that when a visitor threw stones at them he was lucky to escape being ducked in the Seine, to the bank of which the outraged auditors of the frog chorus hustled him. He said he was merely trying to ascertain if the frogs were real, having a suspicion that the music was mechanical. The offence was never repeated. Now, one and all, we fret for our frogs; the Exposition has lost its savage music that soothed the charming Parisian breast.

"Listening enraptured to the nightingale . . . . "

"Listened almost in ecstasy . . . . "

PARIS has lost another "savage" in whom it took delight by the death of Louise Balthy, *comédienne* of the music-halls, who took more liberties with the text of her part in one night than most *artistes* would dare to risk in a year. Balthy had been a favourite for thirty years, but when I heard her on her last appearance in a revue, two years ago at the Cigale, she was as verdant as ever, and had the *salle* in ecstasies all the evening with her interpolations and unfailingly effective spontaneous repartee.



"A modest bill of twenty francs!"

SHE had a natural genius for a repartee that was a very long way from the tone of the *salon*, but everybody forgave the robustness, even the victims, for the cleverness forced tolerant good-humour, and it was obvious there was no malice. The favourite story of her audacity concerns the manner in which she bearded a king who was in the "house" incognito. She markedly introduced again and again a word of the gutter which never fails to make a Paris audience hilarious, though no foreigner has ever yet been able to see any humour in it, and, in employing it, she knew she would be fined, that being the management's method to put a check on her street-arab exuberance.

THE monarch went behind the scenes at the end of the performance and said, "Madame, you have much talent, and I wish to congratulate you." "Thank you very much, sire," said the surprised Louise, "but to-night I have worked for nothing, as the manager has fined me ten times." The next morning she received a magnificent bracelet worth at least a week's salary.

APROPOS of salaries, Maître Moro-Giafferi, who defended Landru without ever inducing the "Bluebeard" to reveal his thoughts, is telling a good story of the manners of the *nouveaux riches*. The Maître, after wasting a few months as a Cabinet Minister, has resumed serious work at the Bar, and is now as much sought after by clients as formerly. Recently he was visited by a large lady who had tried to cover up her volume by an array of jewels that resembled a shop-front in the Rue de la Paix, but whose bulk was outlined as M. Citroen's electrical jewel-work sets out the vast frame of the repopularised Eiffel Tower. She explained her case, which did not promise to present much difficulty to an advocate of such experience, and then concluded, "Maître, good accounts make good friends; give me your tariff for a good pleading of two hours." Maître "Moro" happens to be a humorist, but he did not accept the proposal to work on a taximeter basis. Where do these people acquire their *toupet*?

WHILE Maître Moro-Giafferi lost nothing, but added to his yarn collection, another advocate-politician has had an experience that is financially unfortunate. One of his principal "electors" was up in the capital, so he invited him to dinner at a *restaurant chic*. The "elector," a man with *amour-propre*, insisted on paying for the dinner, so the advocate, anxious that he should not be antagonised by a bill that would certainly be more *salé* than anything he had ever met, whispered a word in the patron's ear, and the bill, as presented, recorded the modest total of twenty francs.

"But he did not accept the proposal"

THE provincial thought that such an excellent restaurant at ten francs a head was a place to be patronised faithfully, so he registered twice a day for a fortnight, the "patron," solicitous for the interest of the politician client, each time presenting a bill of ten francs, counting on the politician to make up the difference. The tactician had to wipe out an adverse balance of over fifteen hundred francs. But he sustained the worst *coup* when the "elector," in calling to bid him *au revoir* and thank him for introducing him to such a pearl among restaurants, told him he would recommend it to all the other principal "electors" of the constituency in view of their promised visits to Paris!

RENÉ

In a Garden in France

MLLE. JANE RENOUARDT

In the garden of her country home at Saint Cloud, where she is taking a holiday from her stage work in Paris. Among her interests is that of owner and directrice of the Théâtre Daunou

The Call of the Sea on the Lido

GOING INTO ACTION

The Duke of Spoleto, who is a nephew of the King of Italy, and Mrs. T. Davis, photographed at "zero hour." The sea temperature, however, was well *above* zero

AT "PYJAMA ROW"

Mr. Morris Gest, the well-known theatrical producer (left), the Princess de San Faustino, Miss Mary Lewis, and Mrs. Caruso Ingram making the most of the brilliant sunshine which is the order of the day on the Lido, where formal morning dress is *not* insisted upon!

Photographs G.P.U.

GOING "DIPPY"

Mlle. Alba Tiberio, the well-known dancer, busily registering *joie de vivre* in the far from sad sea waves of the Lido. Even in the water Mlle. Tiberio appears to be unable to resist the inclination to follow her natural bent!

THE RETURN OF THE "BUSTLE"

A bather on the Lido, whose costume is reminiscent of the striped nether garments favoured by youthful enthusiasts in England when they put in a morning's hard paddling

Deauville Diversions by Sea and Land

"DOWN TO THE SEA AGAIN"

Lord and Lady Terrington on their way down to the sea for the daily dip. The prospect certainly does not appear to be causing them any uneasiness

HOT WORK!

Baron Mellor Zakomelsky (left), Lady Wodehouse and Lady Louis Mountbatten discussing the polo with Lord Louis Mountbatten. To judge by the towel, the last-named appears to be finding it a bit hot for such strenuous exercise

Photographs

Mrs. Jack Coats, who favours a bathing costume of bright green and white silk, on the beach at Deauville. The cape and cap are designed to match the costume

A DIVERSITY OF BATHING FASHIONS

Miss Mildred Lefcourt, an attractive American, on her way to the sea. The voluminous cloak, it need hardly be added, is designed for use ashore *only*

Sport & General and L.N.A.

Mlle. de Bremond d'Ars, complete with her Alsatian dog. Mlle. d'Ars is seen wearing a black silk bathing dress trimmed with red roses

YOGO HAMA'S GROUSING INFORMATIONS

MOST DEAR HON. SIR,

NOT very long before these lines reach your esteemed ears, numerous ducals and other Upper 10 persons will be grousing with guns and suchly projectiles upon the moors, hearths and other sporting highlands. To not shoot grice and other feathered games makes to confess l's-self more Lower 10 as a shop jumper or an Upper Tootings person who lives for only early closings and other proletarian luxuries. Yet even wealthies, nouveaux riches and suchly vulgates cannot succeed to always successfully hunt grice, because of not knowing the proper etiquettes. This causes to immediately show their very non-breeding and other humble burdens which even stupendous cashes cannot succeed to hide. For the benefits of suchly *ignorami* and other tyroes, I shall now purvey some goodish and authentic informations which, if assiduously pursued, should cause to become talented grousers the most cultureless wealthies.

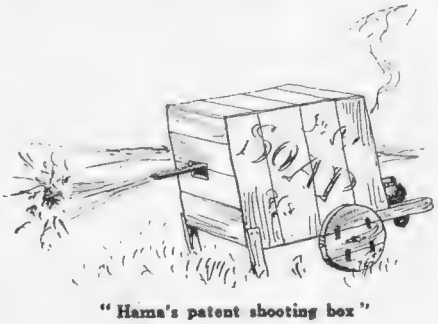
"Femns are very mediocre sportresses"

"A famous grouser"

As a famous grouser and world-wide sportings person, I hesitatelessly advise all tyroes to lucratively insure their lives and other assets for numerous £'s so that, if suffering to sustain a bullet or suchly fatal projectile, they shall receive good compensatings when defunct and not go penniless to the grave. Femns should be specially bewared of because of their so non-accurate aims which causes them to explode their projectiles in all directions at 1-ce. Femns are very mediocre sportresses because of their so tender hearts which cause them to perform swoonings so soon as they witness to see blood or other manly spectaculars. Myself, I do not completely think these saidly sportresses seek to shoot grice, but to successfully secure good spousings, which are very much more lucrative sportings than succeeding to bag a grouse or other feathered cooking bird. And, indeedly, how much more sweetish are it not to perform snuggish spoonings with a luscious fair, than to bang shots at a feathered songster which cannot retaliate our bangs? O yes, I cannot impicture to imagine a more delicious sporting than to bandy hugs, kissings and other loving perks with a youthish and adoreish fair who cannot shoot for nuts or other assets.

I shall now depict some very A.1 and O.K. tippings which not any shooter should afford to miss. Game should be very high when shot, otherwisely it makes to show bad etiquettes and causes these fowls to taste like as roosters, rabbits and other scentless birds, also to non-possess a cultured stomach but only a very proletarian 1.

Genuine sportsters should always make purchase a cabinet for shooting in. Saidly cabinets are called "shooting boxes" which the hunter seeks to hide himself in if suffering attacks from the infuriate birds who would make to kill him with their pecks. Sportsters could not do more better than make purchase Hama's patent shooting box which are very stupendous improvements on all other non-patent boxes because it are provide with wheels and can be pushed for miles with almost not any fatigues. (Write for cash list to the Hama Equipments Co., Tallis Street.)



"Hama's patent shooting box"

"Immediately to stop, Mr. Y. Hama! How dare you to use my so priceless spaces for private advertisings and suchly legitimateless perks?" you imblast, Hon. Sir?

"To perform snuggish spoonings"

All so well then, I rebark, I shall not purvey you 50 per cent. profits on my turnovers and——

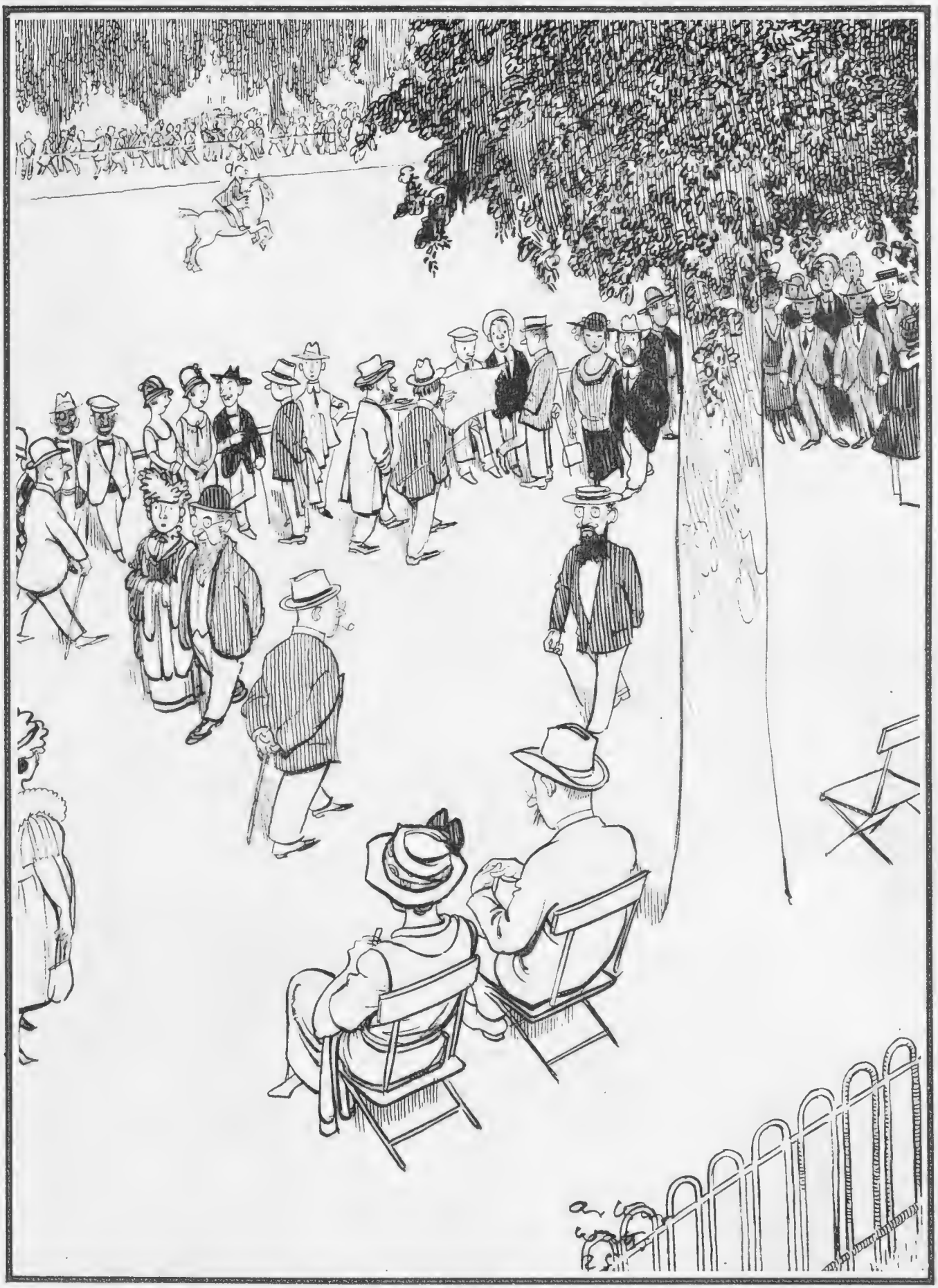
"O kindly to impardon me, Mr. Y. Hama, for my so wicked suspectings. Permit I should say your patent shooting boxes are 2-nd to not any others. I can very enormously recommend same to all shooting Bystanders who, if 1-ce they get into your boxes, will not ever get into any others," you response, Hon. Sir?

"Game should be very high"

That are enormously so, and this are only 1 of 100's of solicitless testimonials I have receive for my boxes. Another very nobbish idea which may be purchase from this so famous sportings emporium, are the Hama Grouse Trap which are now used in all the best shooting families. This consists to be a suitably feathered mock grouse which should be adhered to the head or other elevated point on the sportster, who then preambles on all his 4's towards the grice. This causes them to think that only another grouse are making

(Continued on page 448)

The Social Whirl



BY ARTHUR WATTS

A HINT TO COUNTRY COUSINS

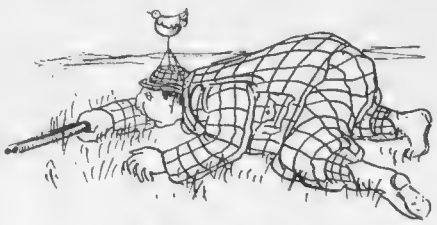
If you want to see the famous Church Parade in Hyde Park, it is as well not to wait until August!

"Prof. Y. Hama and staff"

to approach, until all of a suddenly the sportster lowers his bump and bangs his gun at the so suspiciousless birds who then fall into his bag by 100's. (Lord X writes: "Since using the patent Hama Grouse Trap I have succeeded to save 100's of £'s in projectiles and suchly explosives.")

Ageds, non-athletics and feebled persons who possess non-adequate pins, could do much more worse than make purchase for hire the specially prepared grice horses invent by the so famous Hama Sportings Co. These so intelligent quadrapetals enable hunting persons to fatiguelessly pursue the illusive wingsters, instead of to stay at home and smack billiards with their q's or other effeminate sportings. (A famous Editor says: "Since using your grice horses I have saved numerous pairs of legs. I consider you have bespoke us a great blessings.")

Tyroes and non-sophisticates seeking to become expert grousers like as Debrett persons, should immediately make to consult the Hama Correspondence Sportings School which possesses a very enormous staff of warranted shooters, hunters and other sportsters in all their branches and at enormous expenses. Solicitless testimonials and recommendings from Earls, Dukes, Barts and other blue-blood persons by return of post. For instants, Hon. Blanchette writes: "before taking your correspondings courses, I could not



"The Hama Grouse Trap"

explode a gun for toffee or other nuts, now I could be nuptialled 3 times over." Saidly college are beneath the personal directions of Prof. Y. Hama, the so celebrate sportings expert, large games hunter and *literati*, assist by innumerous 2-nd class professors who will speedishly cause to become a dead shootist the most non-sophisticate person for only modest feeings.

"Specially prepared grice horses"!

"I cannot help to think, Mr. Y. Hama, you have succeeded to make a long-felt want which not anybody who wishes to be consider a somebody should afford to miss," you impop, Hon. Sir?

Very indeedly yes, and shall cause to imbless me 100's of tyroes. Hoping, Hon. Sir, you continue to evince the best quality healths, I remain,

Yogu Hama

A CARMARTHEN COTERIE *British Illus.*

Prince Henry, with his host, Lord Kylsant, and officials of the Royal Welsh Agricultural Show at Carmarthen, which he visited on the second day. This was Prince Henry's first visit to Wales

The Raining Topic

BY E. T. REED

HIS MAJESTY: "Aha, my worthy Host — and an *ideal* one in every sense—The Mackintosh of Mackintosh!"

PEOPLE AT PLAY

THE NEW ADVERTISING

By "PENDARVES"

THE other night George said aggressively (he becomes rather argumentative after dinner) "Why aren't the professional classes allowed to advertise? I see no reason why they shouldn't: perfect rot, I call it. Now you, Kenneth, you're a so-called lawyer; your firm are not allowed to advertise, are they?"

"No, thank God," replied Kenneth, shortly, from behind "The Spectator."

"And you, Buttie: you hoick people's appendices out at a moment's notice (thanks, yes, I had a classical education, y'know) when there isn't one there, and charge a hundred guineas for it. If you advertised judiciously you would soon be able to charge two hundred and get away with it—what?"

Arbuthnot Billing, F.R.C.S., filled a pipe gravely and was heard to mutter something about a little cooling medicine.

"No, but seriously it is manifestly unfair, this embargo on the professions—stultifies all progress. Here you have lying firms like ——"

However, the matter developed into a sort of round game between us. We made up advertising copy as we considered it should be displayed by the impoverished professional classes, the results being somewhat as follows:—

Messrs. Rigley, Rigley, Rigley and Rigley of 150B, Lincoln's Inn Chambers, endeavour to bump the legal market.

NO MORE LITIGATION!!

WE CAN BLUFF WITH THE BEST!

We kept more Clients out of Court during last Hilary Term than any Two other firms of Solicitors in the Fields. We convey HOUSE PROPERTY quicker than most, AND cheaper. We do NOT charge statutory fees, being outside the tariff wall.

If you want to borrow a little on your Reversionary Interest

WE ARE THE MEN.

WILLS a speciality. WE ARE the Widows' FRIENDS.

RIGLEY'S FOR RAPIDITY.

TRY US!

A Harley Street Specialist sings a more subtle melody:—

MY PATIENTS SAY

"He is *such* an understanding man"!

I don't tell them that "an immediate operation is essential."

I am all against operations. I have no 50-50 arrangement with a surgeon round the corner.

I study *effects* not causes, and work back from that point.

Patients are not hurried out of *my* Consulting Room. On the contrary, stay as long as you like. Your case INTERESTS me. Every patient is of interest in himself, apart from his disease—and in seven cases out of ten he has no disease REALLY.

REMEMBER THAT.

Uriah Urbane, "THE UNDERSTANDING MAN."

A dour Scotch General Practitioner believes in more brutal methods of attracting business, through fright, thus:—

HAVE YOU

LOOKED AT

THOSE TONSILS

LATELY?

No? I thought not. They probably want taking out—most people's do. It is an interesting fact that the tonsils of seven-tenths of the population are too large for the throat which contains them. Enlarged tonsils are usually the cause of those distressing contretemps with the wife at breakfast every morning. TEMPER AND TONSILS are synonymous terms. HAVE 'EM OUT.

I do the job for £40 (not guineas) and guarantee to have you back on the Savoy dance floor within a week. If not, money and tonsils returned.

ANDREW ABERDONIAN

THE TONSILS' TERROR.

Miller, Munday and Merchison, Produce Brokers, Mincing Lane, have trebled their business by their famous "brevities" in the Dailies:—

The Roads Are Up.

So Is RUBBER!

The roads, in the fullness of time, go down again. But all the roads within five miles of Oxford Circus will be down before Rubber is permanently. Have a gamble Now!

A hitherto obscure Architect of Bloomsbury Square is making a fortune by reason of the charm of manner and personality of his displayed advertising:—

"I wish people would build houses that were worthy of them. So few people do."

When a client of mine *is* building a decent house on one of my designs, he often comes to me in the middle of it and says: "That Clerk of Works is a crook. What are you going to do about it?" The Clerk of Works is all right. He is merely thirsty, and thirst can be assuaged—I see to that. But an ugly house is a monument for all time. It is a great pity. England is not what she was. Haven't you noticed that?

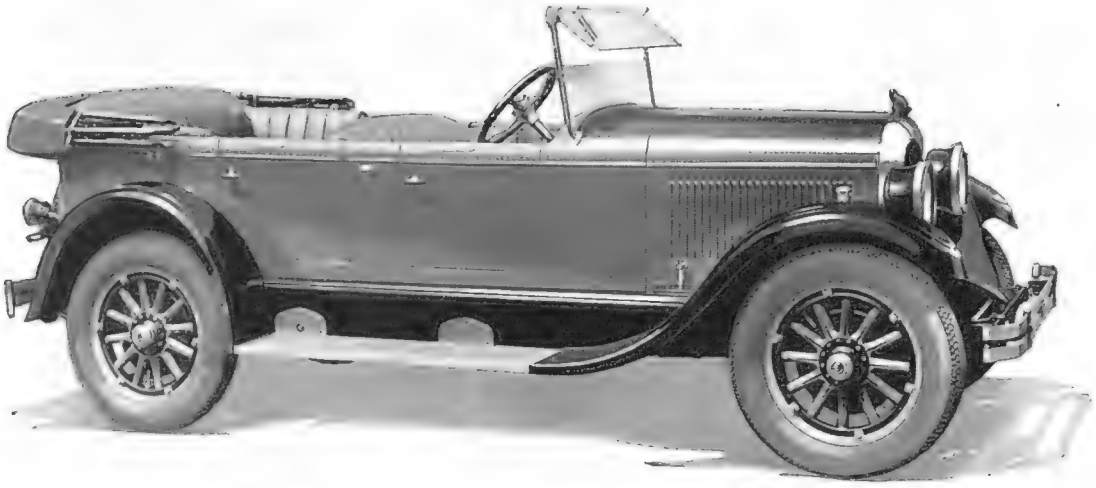
BALBUS OF BLOOMSBURY.

QUITE UNMANNED! By FIELD SMITH

"Why are you crying, Jane?"

"Because that cat Eileen has just said I'm unmanly!"

A few Phaeton Touring Cars still available at the pre-duty price



This illustration shows the Chrysler Six Touring Car de Luxe

At £465, its pre-duty price, the Chrysler Six Phaeton Touring Car represents the soundest investment in the car world to-day. The new prices will obtain immediately the limited number available at this price is exhausted. If you would avail yourself of this opportunity it is important that you should get in touch with your nearest Chrysler dealer before it is too late.

Reasons for Chrysler's astounding performance

ENGINE. Six cylinders, in block, removable head, 3 in. bore, 4¾ in. stroke (3293 c.c.), develops 70 h.p. R.A.C. rating 21·6 h.p. Water-cooled—pump and fan. Over 20 miles to the gallon! Large side by side valves; symmetrical combustion chamber minimising carbonisation. Pistons of aluminium alloy; three rings. Camshaft on four bearings, driven by silent chain.

VIBRATIONLESS! The crankshaft is exceptionally big, supported on SEVEN large bearings; perfectly balanced. No whip, no vibration.

LUBRICATION. Oil pump spiral-driven from camshaft, giving positive force feed through drilled crankshaft to all main and connecting rod bearings, camshaft bearings and timing chain. Oil pressure gauge on dash.

TRANSMISSION, through multiple dry disc clutch; adjustable pedal. Gear box in unit with engine; three speeds and reverse. Top ratio 4·3. Semi-floating rear-axle drive through spiral bevel gear and pinion. Timken roller bearings to both axles. Tubular front axle.

SPRINGS. Parallel to wheels, close to hubs, thus eliminating sidesway. Extra large tyres—30×5·77″ Body-room, 8′ 2¾″.

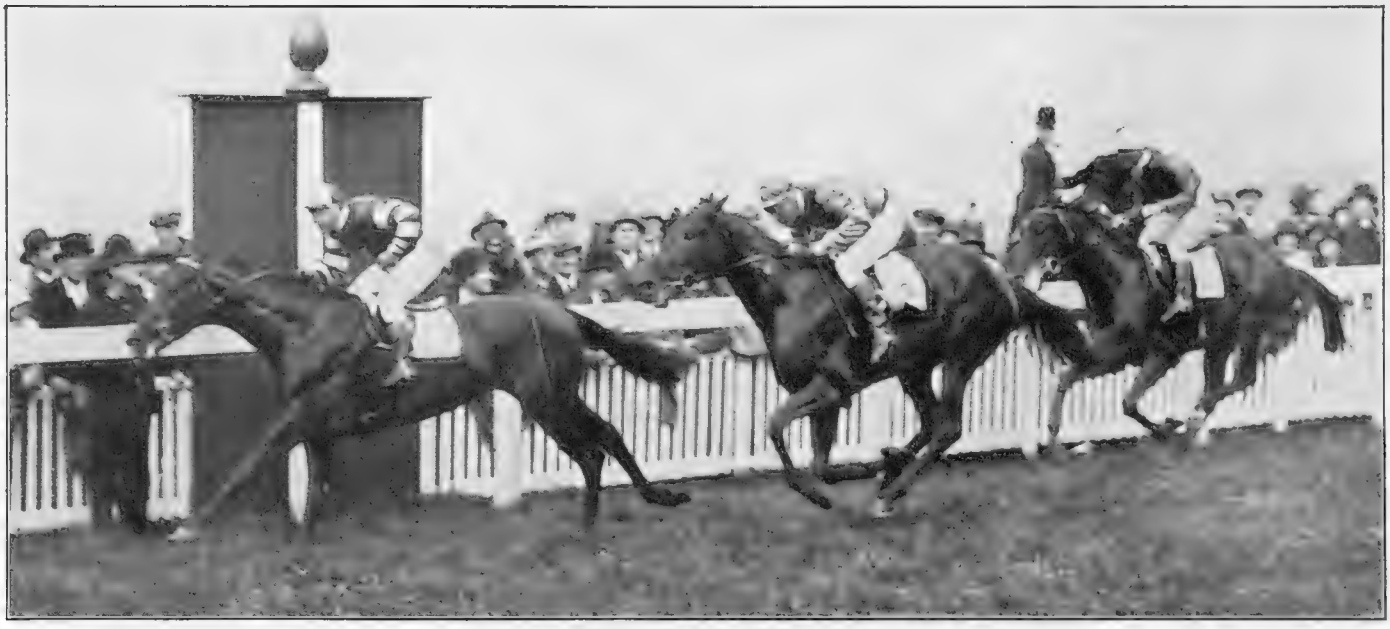
BRAKES. Chrysler - Lockheed hydraulic four-wheel brakes, self-equalising, operated by foot; also external contracting brake on drum on transmission shaft, operated by hand.

ALL THE FACTS about this amazing car are in the Chrysler Book . . . . yours for the asking.

Maxwell-Chrysler Motors Ltd. 3 Maxwell Works, Mortlake Road, Kew Gardens, Surrey

Dealers and Service Stations Everywhere

CHRYSLER SIX



THE FAVOURITE WINS! *Sport and General*

Sir H. Cunliffe-Owen's "Repertoire" (C. Elliott up) winning the St. James's Stakes at Kempton Park from "Perfect Son" and "Gifted." "Repertoire" started favourite at 7—4

RACING NOTIONS

By "CARBINE"

Zambo and the Leger

I LEARN that there is considerable doubt whether Zionist will appear in the field for the St. Leger, and probably the Aga Khan's only representative will be Zambo. And a very good representative too in my humble judgment! I think a great deal of this Sunstar colt. Since he became racing fit I have never seen him put up a moderate performance, and I believe him to be full of genuine grit. The various distances over which he has raced have come alike to him, and I see no reason why he should fail to stay the St. Leger course. At the moment of writing you can get something like 10 to 1 about him, and I consider him a better bet at that price than either Manna or Solario at a third of the odds. I know that Mr. "Dick" Dawson is very hopeful of bringing off another coup like that which he accomplished with Salmon Trout last year.

In the North

I ATTENDED Redcar races last week, and as usual found a good deal of enjoyment in the racing at that very sporting Yorkshire gathering. The drive across the moors to and from the course adds to the pleasure of the fixture. You see a different set of faces here from those habitually encountered at Kempton and the other Metropolitan fixtures. The keenness of North Country racegoers is unmistakable, and most of them appear to know a lot about the practical side of the great game. I was glad to see Prompt win such a nice race as the North Sea Stakes, though the local sympathies were naturally with Lord Zetland's colours, carried by Pomeroy. However, the filly beat him fairly and squarely, thus making amends for her series of seconds earlier in the season. A stirring affair was the dead heat between Artist Glow and the Per Mare filly in the big two-year-old race. It is a sign of the times when we see women owners dividing the spoils in this way.

Playful Doubles

MANY people are already racking their brains in an endeavour to find a likely double for the Cesarewitch and Cambridgeshire, but I can see no violent hurry for rushing into this insidious form of speculation. Far better to wait and see what the handicapper says before you indulge in the playful doubles. One owner who seems to hold a very strong hand in the long-distance race is the Aga Khan. Of his lot I expect Salmon Trout will go for the Doncaster Cup, and so he may incur a penalty which will wipe him off the map so far as the Cesarewitch is concerned. Charley's Mount seems to have developed into a creature of moods, and even if she is favourably weighted I should be loth to depend upon her repeating her remarkable triumph of last year. One or two of the likely three-year-olds in the Cesarewitch are to run in the St. Leger, notably, Zambo, Kentish Knock and Spelthorne. The trainer of the last named, Mr. Peter Gilpin, used to be a great man for preparing a Cesarewitch horse, and there is no reason to suppose that his hand has lost its cunning.

BY "THE TOUT"

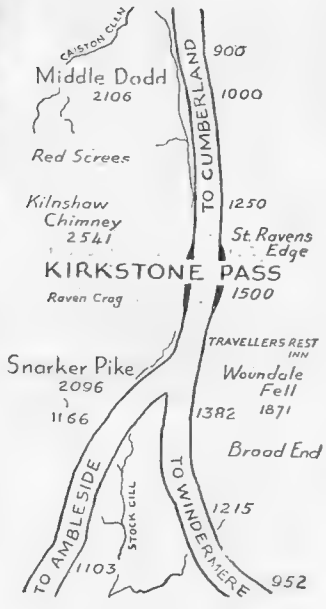
MR. CLARENCE HAILEY

Thinking in thousands! A cartoon of the well-known buyer of bloodstock caught in the act

At Stockton

THIS week the round of North Country meetings will be continued at Stockton, and some of the Yorkshire trainers are hopeful of being able to prevent all the best prizes going to the South. For example, Dobson Peacock thinks he has a good prospect of carrying off the Stewards' Handicap, the big race on Wednesday, with Red Theo. This very useful colt is nicely handicapped, and I shall not be surprised to see the issue fought out by him and Glommen. I make **Red Theo** my selection; Lord Londonderry's colours are usually well worth following at Stockton, and I think **Sweet Rocket** may win the race selected for her at the meeting. The week's racing winds up with a good programme at Hurst Park, and next week comes York with its numerous attractive events. I expect to see **Diomedes** prove too speedy for his rivals in the Nunthorpe Sweepstakes on the opening day

"BP" Touring Series—No. 17



KIRKSTONE PASS
from

London	269 miles
Birmingham	169 ,,
Manchester	87 ,,
Newcastle	79 ,,
Bristol	243 ,,
Southampton	232 ,,

KIRKSTONE PASS

Kirkstone Pass in Westmorland is well known to motorists as a test hill and is frequently included in the routes of reliability trials. It is 3½ miles from Ambleside, and rises to a height of 1,500 feet above sea level. The steepest gradient is 1 in 3½.

Although Kirkstone has lost much of its old-time terrors for motorists, it presents a formidable climb even for modern cars, and a pure, powerful fuel is necessary to ensure a "clean ascent."

In hill climbing, "BP," the British Petrol, enables you to extract the last ounce of power from your engine, just as it gives maximum speed on the level.

Modern British methods and British skill combine to produce in "BP" the best of motor spirits.

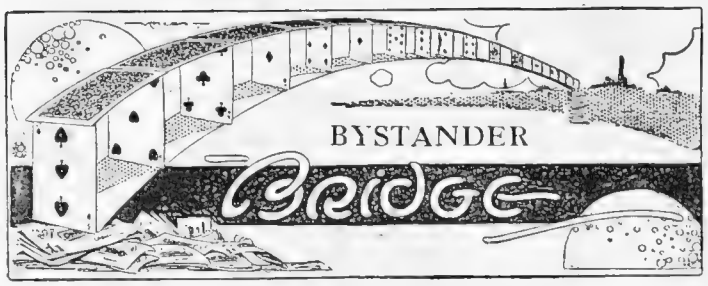
"BP"

The British Petrol

British Petroleum Co. Ltd Britannic House. Moorgate. E.C.2

Distributing Organization of the

ANGLO-PERSIAN OIL CO. LTD.



By A. E. MANNING FOSTER

CONVENTIONS

In the matter of conventions at Bridge, or in any card game, I hold that the fewer there are the better. It is said that what helped to kill Whist as a Club game—it is by no means dead as a popular game, witness the vogue of Whist Drives for money prizes—was the introduction of the call for trumps and other conventions. Certainly what helped to kill the old original game of Bridge (in my view a better and more scientific game than Auction) was its varying conventions. Before one started play it was necessary to undergo an examination—"Do you discard from strength or weakness? Do you play the Heart convention or if you double No Trumps do you want me to lead my shortest suit?" and so on and so forth. A game becomes a farce to my mind when you have, before starting, to put your partner through his paces and find out exactly what he does or intends to do or what he means by his play.

. . . . . .

The same sort of thing happened when Auction Bridge with the old Bridge values of the suits was invented. The minor suits were practically useless for bidding purposes. So arose various pernicious conventions. A player bid "Five Spades" to tell his partner to call No-Trumps. Similarly a bid of "One Diamond" or "Two Clubs" was to be construed into an invitation to partner to bid "No-Trumps." Then we had worse confusion and more conventions when "Royal Spades" or "Lillies" were introduced, and the Spade suit had two different values. The idea of our present game was to abolish all this kind of thing. Auction Bridge was to be a perfectly straightforward game, where a bid or a double meant exactly what it said, and there was no longer to be any necessity for asking questions preliminary to play.

. . . . . .

But the convention-mongers would not have it, and gradually all kinds of artificial devices crept in. Now that the stronghold of the Die Hards—the Portland Club—has succumbed to the American doubling conventions we are again faced by the necessity of asking one's partner and opponents how they play and what they mean by their doubles. Failure to do this may land one into difficulties. Recently I played at a Club where my partner doubled an initial bid of "Two Spades." Supposing that he was playing the American conventional double and having no Spades at all I took him out in my longest suit. This proved disastrous. He had a sound business double of "Two Spades." But I had neglected to ask him before play whether he played the American Informatory suit double or not.

. . . . . .

My objection to these American doubles have been based always on these two grounds—(1) that it spoils a game when you have to catechise your partner and (2) that if you start introducing a number of arbitrary conventions you never can tell where they will stop. I think it is overstating the case to speak of the American Conventional Doubles as "licensed cheating" or to say, as Mr. Dalton did some time ago, that "the whole principle is wrong according to our British ideas of honest, straightforward play."

A convention cannot be dishonest if it is known and understood by all the players at the table.

It has to be admitted that Auction Bridge could not be played without conventions. Consider some of the numerous conventions that are admitted usually—(1) *The Leads* from certain combinations of honours, the lead of King from Ace, King and others and the lead of Ace when holding only Ace and King, the fourth best lead based upon the Eleven Rule. (2) *The Call*—playing the higher and then the lower of a suit to show that the third round can be ruffed or the "Echo" to show four or more of partner's suit on the lead at No-Trumps. (3) *The Discard* of a high card—an eight or higher—to show great strength in the suit so discarded.

These and other devices have become so much a recognised part of the game that players hardly consider them as conventions.

. . . . . .

As we must then, admit that it is impossible to play Bridge without conventions, the only point that arises is how and by what authority new conventions are to be limited. It stands to reason that if every little *coterie* of Bridge-players has its own particular conventions the game as a game will cease to exist. But who is to cry halt? The danger is very real. Now that the American doubles of a suit and a No-Trumper are becoming general are we going to adopt the system in its entirety with all the consequences that logically follow from it? For it must be remembered that out of these doubles arise various complications. In an American magazine Mr. R. F. Foster wrote of the "Decagon of the Modern Double," pointing out that the original Janus of the Conventional Double now has ten faces! Are we going to face those ten faces? At present in my experience, the informatory double as played in this country is limited to the double of an initial bid of one or two of a suit or of an initial "One No-Trumps." But American practice goes far beyond this. A double of a suit bid of three, or even four, may be informatory and not business, so may a double of "Two No-Trumps." Then there is varying practice as to doubling after having bid a suit yourself or doubling after having bid No-Trumps yourself, doubling a second time, if partner does not answer the first double. Further considerations are doubling after having assisted your partner's suit or having refused to assist it and re-doubling as a defence to the negative double of the opponents.

I suspect that the English way will be compromise, and that the average player will be content to adopt the simpler forms of the American doubles without troubling his head to push them to their logical conclusions. At any rate, I hope so. Otherwise I foresee a great deal of confusion and ill-temper.

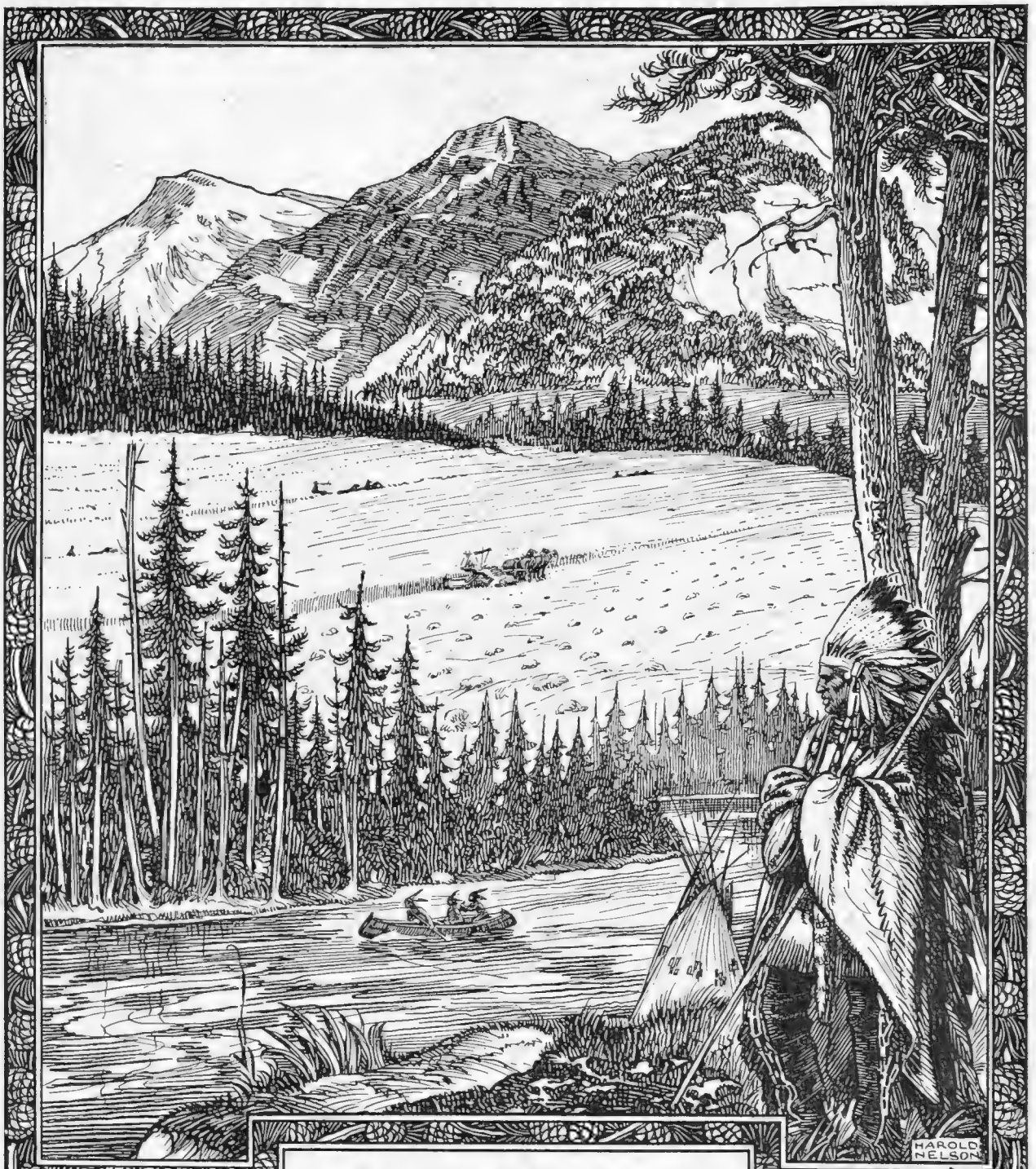
WINNERS OF FINGER-PRINT COMPETITION, No. 7

We print below the names of the readers who successfully claimed their finger-prints, published under the heading of Selection No. 7, in our issue of August 5th. A cheque for One Guinea has been sent to each of these entrants.

Miss H. Barber, 1, Ditton Hill Villas, Long Ditton, Surrey; W. Greville, 105, Headcorn Road, Thornton Heath, Surrey; W. Brown, "Primrose," Waterloo Road, Leyton, E.10; Miss D. Stiles, 3, Palamos Road, Leyton, E.10; A. G. Honeyball, 98, Hardy Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; Miss D. A. Hill, 60, Kemble Road, Forest Hill, S.E.23; F. S. Cottell, 57, Rye Hill Park, Peckham Rye, S.E.15; J. Stanley, 34, Chatto Road, Battersea, S.W.11; Mrs. G. Fuller, 57, Eversleigh Road, Clapham Junction; W. G. Butler, 31, Esmond Road, Kilburn, N.W.6; D. Greig, 52, Nelson Road, Crouch End, N.8; F. J. Knott, 153, Uxbridge Road, West Ealing, W.13; Miss E. Owden, 20, Rye Lane, Peckham, S.E.15; W. Denton-Tuck, 25, Matham Grove, E. Dulwich, S.E.22; Harold Parrott, 20, Arnulf Street, Bellingham, S.E.6; Miss A. Kemp, Vine Cottage, Dudley Road, Ventnor, I.W.; Miss E. A. Read, 20x, Peabody Avenue, Pimlico, S.W.1; W. J. Major, 213, Brookehouse Road, Bellingham, S.E.6; W. R. Lloyd, 29, Kingsley Road, Wimbledon, S.W.19; H. Davies, 123a, Milward Road, Hastings, Sussex; Mrs. E. M. Miles, 54, Sabine Road, S.W.11.

HAVE WE HAD THE PLEASURE OF MEETING YOUR FINGER-PRINT YET?

You may win a Guinea every week. *For details and coupon, see page 456.*



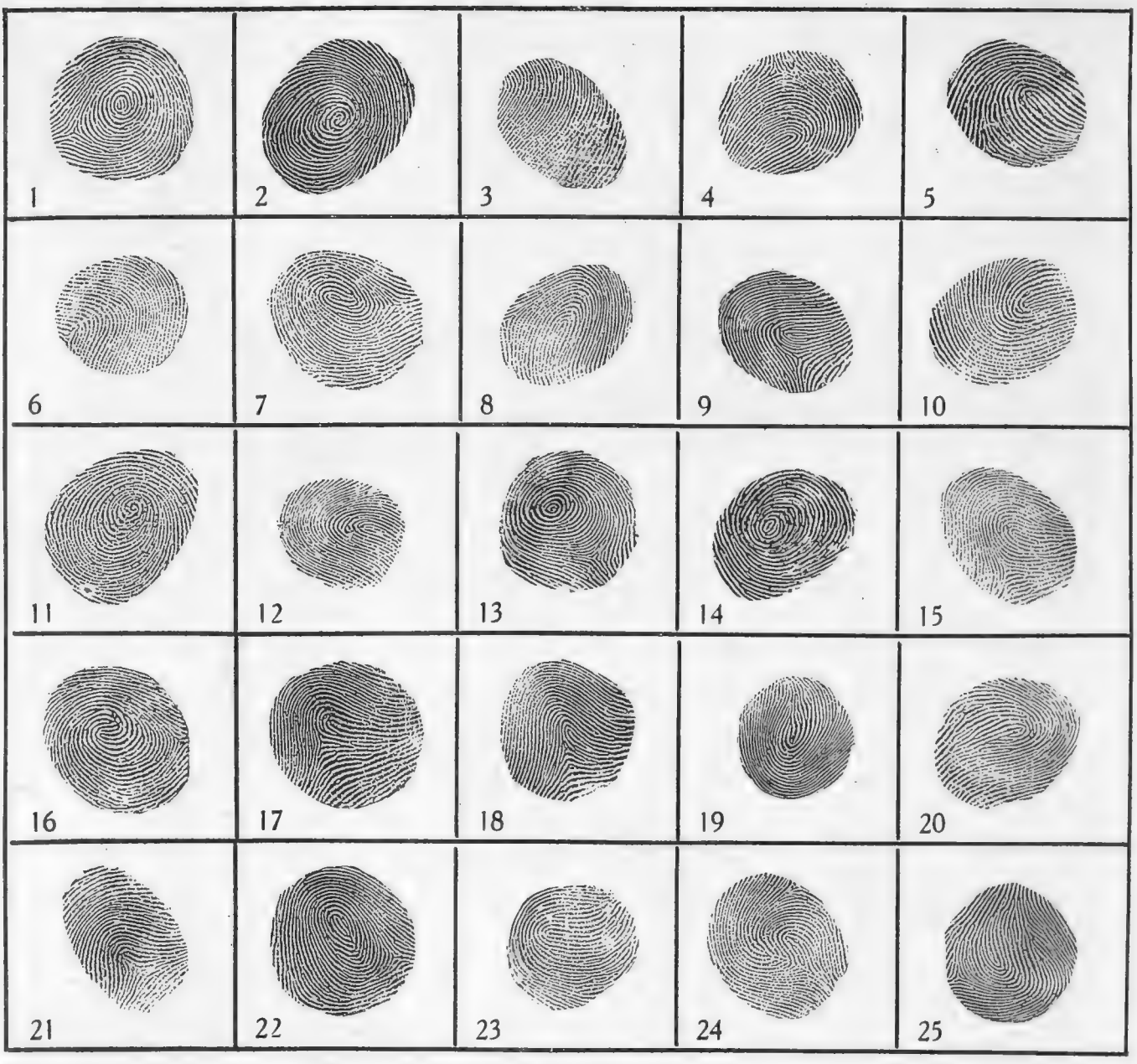
THE FOUR CORNERS OF THE EARTH

West

The virility of the New World is like the challenge of youth to age. Yet young ambition will ever pay tribute to ripe experience. How generously it has confirmed the approval bestowed for generations by the Old World on the worthiness of . . . . . .

DEWAR'S

MONEY FOR YOUR FINGER-PRINT



SELECTION No. 9

Above are twenty-five finger-prints selected from those sent in by our readers before August 10. Next week and for each succeeding week we shall publish, in the manner shown above, a further selection of twenty-five finger-prints. Anyone who can successfully identify his own will be awarded a prize of ONE GUINEA.

WHAT YOU HAVE TO DO

1. Make a clear impression of your thumb-print in the white space on the coupon. Take some ink of dense consistency, smear it over a pad or sheet of paper. Then press the thumb lightly over the smeared ink. Readers should note that **black ink only** must be used.

2. Fill in the coupon with your name and address, and post it to THE EDITOR, THE BYSTANDER, GRAPHIC BUILDINGS, TALLIS STREET, E.C.4, to reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 24. Mark your envelope "FINGER-PRINT" on the top left-hand corner.

3. Keep a duplicate impression of your own thumb-print for future reference.

4. When the twenty-five selected thumb-prints are published (in our issue of September 2) examine them carefully and see if you can recognise your own by comparing it with the duplicate you have retained. When you have picked out your own finger-print from our selection (which will, of course, be numbered as are the examples on this page) send in your claim to the Editor—your name and address and the number of the thumb-print you have identified as your own.

5. All Claims in the case of the selection reproduced above should reach us by first post on Wednesday, August 26, the envelope being marked "CLAIM No. 9"

N.B.—Finger-prints bearing scars or disfigurements will be disqualified.

The Editor's decision is final

Bystander Finger-Print Competition.

No. 11

August 19, 1925

Name .....

Address .....

.....

.....

This coupon must reach us by first post on Monday morning, August 24

Only one thumb to be placed in this square

A list of prize-winners who successfully identified their finger-prints in our seventh selection (published August 5) will be found on page 454.

"The faith of pedestrians and cyclists in motorists is the most amazing thing in the world."

—Mr. J. A. R. CAIRNS, in the Daily Mail

In a 90-mile motor tour of London, Mr. J. A. R. Cairns, the Metropolitan police magistrate, was struck by the blind faith of pedestrians and cyclists in the brakes of motor cars.

It is always a question of brakes when safety is at stake. Accidents, regrettably do occur, but it is usually due to the carelessness or indifference of one, or both, of the parties concerned. Given care and good brakes, motoring is SAFE.

The wise motorist in these days of crowded roads regards the brakes as the most important part of the car's equipment. He takes care in the adjustment, sees that the lining is sound, well fitted and trustworthy.

Naturally the majority of motorists choose Ferodo Brake Linings. Not only for the fact that Ferodo Linings were the original fabric linings but because every year, every new demand, has seen an increase in the quality and efficiency of these famous linings.

The patented Ferodo features—the weaving, the bending, the die-pressing—cannot be duplicated in other brake linings, and this accounts for the fact that Ferodo Linings wear longer, grip better and are more widely used than any other type of brake lining.

FERODO REGISTERED FRICTION LININGS

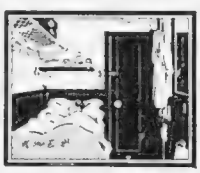
"The linings that make motoring SAFE"

OBTAINABLE FROM ALL GARAGES.

FERODO LTD., Chapel-en-le-Frith

DEPOTS and AGENCIES:—London, Birmingham, Leeds, Manchester, Bristol, Belfast, Coventry, Newcastle, Liverpool, Burslem, Glasgow, Aberdeen, Carlisle, and Brighton. A 280

A Restful Night Journey to the North



SLEEPING undisturbed by vibration hundreds of people journey each night to Scotland by the East Coast Sleeping Car Expresses which leave King's Cross every evening.

They travel swiftly and silently by the shortest and quickest route to Edinburgh, Dundee, Aberdeen, Perth and Inverness, in perfectly appointed Sleeping Cars suspended on vibrationless articulated bogies.

By day the "Flying Scotsman," other Restaurant Car Trains and a Pullman Train take the same route through country rich in glorious scenery and historical monuments, and passing along some sixty miles of continuous seaboard.

Sleeping Car Expresses Nightly

East Coast Route

King's Cross to Scotland

SHORTEST AND QUICKEST

Write for full information to the Passenger Manager L.N.E.R., King's Cross Station, London, N.1, or enquire at any L.N.E.R. Ticket Office.

L·N·E·R

Harvey Nichols of Knightsbridge

NEW DESIGNS IN EXCLUSIVE UNDERWEAR

Hosiery Dept., Ground Floor.

Useful Cami-Knicker *of artificial silk well cut trimmed net lace in attractive pattern. Straight back and front with slight fulness on hips. Underneath fastening with buttoned strap. In White, Pink, Peach, Coral, Sky, Mauve.*

PRICE 10/11 *Per Pair*

HARVEY NICHOLS & CO., LTD., KNIGHTSBRIDGE, LONDON, S.W.1.

FEMINA

PREJUDICES AND PLUMBING.

By MRS. M. VINCE

A PRESTON VISIT

Princess Mary leaving Messrs. Horrockses' Cotton Mills at Preston after a recent visit, when she was shown the different processes of cotton-spinning

THERE are sharp changes of fashion in our opinions of other nations, just as there are in much less important things. I do not mean those obvious and extreme changes that come in war-time, but those slighter changes in peace-time which are just as unmistakable, although it is harder to find the cause of the change.

There is an evident change of this sort going on in our attitude to Americans. For a long time it was the fashion unquestionably to accept the Americans, and particularly American women, as the most advanced and freest of all peoples. Now we are beginning to discover them as rather old-fashioned. One view is, no doubt, as partial as the other. I am simply saying that this change seems for some time to have been taking place, and in regard to things quite different from those which have suddenly made Tennessee notorious.

A FEW years ago we were inclined to be shocked at the freedom and fearlessness with which American girls travelled by themselves all over the world. Now, what shocks us much more are such absurd restrictions—as they seem to us—as are made on women in America smoking in public.

A short time ago I came across an odd example among Americans of what in this country we call Victorianism. No doubt there is another name for it in America, but I do not know what it is. In architecture America is in many ways in advance of us. We have Bush House to show us what they can do as architects. They are so advanced that they are not even afraid of being thought old-fashioned. America has not taken part in the Paris Exhibition of the Decorative Arts. I understand that it realised what the Exhibition was likely to be, and that it did not want to compete with Europe in those extravagances of decoration which come from the desire to be original at any sacrifice.

IN America not only is much attention paid to the importance of interior decoration, but there are many more women practising as house-decorators in America than there are in this country. A woman, for example, has decorated all the hotels of one of the big railway companies. How she came to do it is a typically American story.

She knew one of the directors, and she told him that his hotels were so horribly decorated and furnished that she wondered this did not drive everybody to the rival hotels. "Will you decorate them for us?" he asked. She answered, "Yes." The bargain so made was kept, and this woman has decorated the hundreds of hotels belonging to that railway company.

I WAS talking the other day to an American, and asking her about one of the American women decorators whom I had known in Washington. She told me what a great number of them there now were in the States, and how successful they were. Then she asked about women house-decorators in England. I told her something of the work, and she was very much surprised to hear that a trained woman decorator in England would undertake any of the interior work of the house, from the decoration of the drawing-room walls to the electric lighting and the plumbing. No American woman house-decorator, she assured me, would think of looking after the electric lighting, still less the plumbing.

MY surprise was as great as hers, particularly coming from an American. There was quite an unexpectedly old-fashioned sound in what she had said. In America people have gone much further than we have in recognising that house-decoration is a profession, and that it is a profession specially suited to women. But here you see them setting a sudden and quite Victorian limit to the work. A woman decorator, it is felt, may concern herself with the beauty of the inside of a house, but with nothing else, not even with those things which affect its whole comfort and convenience. It made me think of something written by one of the earliest English women decorators fifty years ago.

AFTER telling women what a good profession it was for them, she went on to say what a good profession it was also "for any gentleman"; for he could do such things as "seeing to estimates and acting as a buffer between the purchaser and the workman," and in these ways be a help "that no lady can be because of the necessary fighting powers and technical knowledge."

A BELGIAN HOUSE-PARTY

A group taken in the park of the Château de Liebois, the Comte de Liedekerke's seat near Dinant, showing Mrs. Georges Fogt (left) the Comte de Liedekerke, his daughter the Comtesse Emma de Liedekerke, the Comtesse de Liedekerke, and Mlle. du Pierreux. The Comte, who was for many years in the Diplomatic Service, was at one time stationed in London

I KNOW, of course, that something of the same sort of Victorianism remains here in the attitude towards house decoration, the feeling that there is a lady-like side to the work, and a side which is best left "for any gentleman." But that it should exist in America surprises one more because of our old belief in America as so advanced. And how absurd, when you come to think of it, is such a restriction on what a woman house-decorator should do! It has been the duty of women to wash up at sinks ever since there were sinks. And yet there is this odd feeling that it is no business of a woman, when she comes to decorate a house, to know anything about the pipes and taps by which a sink is filled and emptied!

In the Limelight

Navana

MISS PHYLLIS MONKMAN

Who will give the Brighter London campaign a decided "leg-up" when she appears in "Dear Little Billie," the new musical play due at the Shaftesbury Theatre in the near future

MISUNDERSTOOD

MARKER : "Send up some more PLAYERS, please!"

A Bystander among the BOOKS

By RALPH STRAUS

HARSH things have occasionally been said about *The English Country Gentleman* (Hurst and Blackett: 18*s.* net), but the fact remains that his personal code, if not his actual mode of living, has been emulated in almost every civilised country. To-day, as we know, he is not so prosperous as he was. His house is rarely of a size commensurate with his reduced fortunes; sometimes he is forced to live in one of his own lodges. He is called on to cope with difficulties with which his forefathers had rarely, if ever, to contend. But he is still with us, and away from the towns his influence is by no means negligible.

HE has had his apologists and his historians, and many different kinds of books have been written about him. To these must now be added the intriguing and rather unexpected volume which the Hon. Neville Lytton has just published. It is a jolly book to read, very jolly indeed. There are autobiographical passages and shrewd comments on "things in general." There is much about true and false sport, but also much about crime, with which, it may be supposed, the English Country Gentleman is only connected by virtue of his seat on the Bench. There are historical vignettes and personal sketches. Altogether it is not in the least the kind of book for which the first few pages prepare you. Mr. Lytton, indeed, rambles on from subject to subject as the mood takes him, but always in the most amiable manner.

IN one way he is in a peculiarly fortunate position. If he had liked, I suppose, he could have been the typical country gentleman himself. As it is, he is a man with two arts, or perhaps I should say three. His paintings are now well-known, and he knows how to write. But he was also one of the greatest and most artistic exponents of what some of us like to think is the greatest of all games. More than once he was amateur champion at tennis, which is not in the least like the modern pastime as practised at Wimbledon, but has a history behind it of at least eight hundred years. And this gives point to a little story he tells of the great Suzanne, who asked him if he, too, played tennis. His reply was short: "Yes, Mademoiselle, and do you?" Suzanne, by the way, comes in for some little criticism in his book, which is nothing if not outspoken.

AND then, at the end, are sketches of two outstanding personalities in Mr. Lytton's own family. His sister, Lady Constance Lytton, will not easily be forgotten, even if to-day the militant suffragists and their peculiar methods are no more. And few country gentlemen can compare with the late Wilfrid Scawen Blunt, who stamped and impressed himself on his generation in no uncertain, if at times slightly uncomfortable, manner. Mr. Lytton, then, has written a diverting book about all sorts of things, including country gentlemen, which cheerfully breaks all the rules laid down for such works and provides a most admirable entertainment.

I HAVE been interested and intrigued, and perhaps a little scandalised, by an extraordinary book which purports to explain all the curious phenomena to be seen when earthquakes elect to play havoc, volcanoes wake up, and comets poke their long noses into earthly surroundings. *The Riddle of the Earth* (Chapman and Hall: 10*s.* 6*d.*) is the work of a very bold thinker, who disguises his identity under the pseudonym of "Appian Way," and I am inclined to think (with my doubtlessly old-fashioned notions) that he has written an utterly mad book. At the same time its interest is undeniable, and its method of presentation sound.

BRIEFLY, he sets out to show that most of the accepted ideas about volcanic activity are founded on wholly wrong premises. He believes that your volcano plays the part of a sort of feminine "vamp" to any comet ill-advised enough to come within its sphere of attraction. He believes that the world owes very much more—materially speaking—to these comets than most people suppose. Moreover, he explains all those curious geological deposits known as the Drift as the result of a single collision between the earth and a more than usually impertinent comet. It is all as exciting and entertaining as a romance. Well, perhaps it is a romance, though for all I know to the contrary "Appian Way" may have blazed an entirely new trail which will give him immortality. But for the moment I cannot forget certain earlier teachings. However, you should certainly read the book, to see whether it persuades you to adopt this new view about an admittedly very baffling affair. If I appear to be flippant about so serious a contribution to scientific theory, I am lost in admiration for its author's diligence and courage.

IN *The Secret of Chimneys* (Lane: 7*s.* 6*d.* net), Mrs. Christie's pen has lost none of its cunning, though during the actual unfolding of the mystery the reader may not be led so far astray as he was by its predecessors. As against this, however, there is more graciousness in the writing, and more amusing and defter characterisation. But this does not mean to say that you are likely to guess much of the strange truth before Mrs. Christie means you to do so. You may have determined early on in the story who Mr. Anthony Cade really is, but you will certainly not be able to be sure just who are villains and who detectives or heroes. It is a very good yarn, then, though not quite so good as *The Man in the Brown Suit*.

MISS ISABEL NEILSON *Morter*

The author of "Madonna and the Saint," the novel which created something of a sensation when recently published by Jonathan Cape

A Welcome Guide

The ominously polite letters from the gentleman who extracts our Income Tax from us arrive with such painful regularity that it is a great relief to find a means of coping with them. In the new *Financial Times* Income Tax Guide (of all booksellers and newsagents 1*s.*), the tax-payer will find, elucidated in simple language, the whole system of the Income Tax, including the various ways in which relief may be obtained, and the methods of procedure. A very present help in time of trouble.

PREPARE TO PRESENT

SOCIETY'S BIRTH-RATE

By "THE KENNELMAN"

THE Kennel Club's records of its registrations of pedigree Dogs during the six months ending June 30 last form very striking evidence of the rapid and steady progress of studied Dog-fancying in Britain, and effectively dispose of any lingering notions that the so-called "Dog boom" is a flash-in-the-pan due solely to reaction from War-time restrictions. In fact, the figures are substantially higher than any reached in the most prosperous pre-War years.

Little more than a month separates us now from the classic doggy event of the year: the Kennel Club's 64th annual show, and that no doubt accounts for the increase in the number of enquiries reaching the Kennelman on the subject of "conditioning Dogs for show." Honesty demands the statement that a large proportion of the talk and the tips about "conditioning" is nonsense, and some of it mischievous nonsense. It's rather on a par with the subject that has evidently exercised the minds of many readers of these notes during recent weeks—the education of Dogs, which is apparently so far from being understood by some admirers of the canine race that they connect it only with such mechanical triviality as trick-teaching.

A neighbour of ours and a frequent visitor at my governor's house "goes in seriously" for Sealyhams and Cairns. I've heard her make the claim in those words. Last year she came hurrying home from some seaside place for the avowed purpose of "getting my Dogs into condition for the K.C. Show." This was just *four days* before the Show! Needless to say, the good lady is an enthusiastic patroness of patent tonics, and the rest of what may be called the bunkum of "conditioning."

What is it that a good judge looks for in competing show Dogs? The answer is that, apart from unalterable "points" and "type," what he looks for is the perfection of *normality*. When you "condition" a man for a 20-round boxing contest, or a horse for a race, you aim at producing fitness for an *abnormal* effort. "Show condition" is something quite different, meaning the same thing as "in the pink," and the best way of producing it in Dogs is so to direct their lives as to keep them in the best possible health *all the time*.

This being admitted, and acted upon consistently the year round, it remains true that you may increase your Dog's chances in the Show Ring fifty per cent. by rational preparation for exhibition. You will play your own part in the ring, as exhibitor. The vital thing is that your Dog should *show himself* to advantage, and this he cannot be expected to do without preparatory training for that special job. Run up with clothes-line and stakes an imitation Show Ring, in field or garden, and teach your Dog to let you lead him about in it—always on the lead; to stand smartly to attention for examination; to march, to trot, to gallop for a few yards at a word or sign from you; above all, perhaps, to *stand*, like the best kind of show hackney, with head, flag, legs, body all showing to the greatest advantage. It can be done—a little patience, a daily half-hour for a few weeks—and once done, will make more for winning than all the "conditioning" elixirs ever invented—given, of course, that perfection of physical normalcy that only consistently maintained health can yield.

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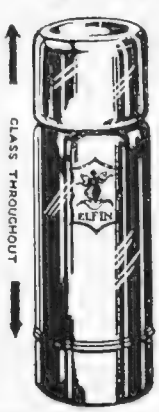

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CAMERA NOTES

SNAPSHOTS FROM THE TRAIN

By T. L. J. BENTLEY

WALENSEE, ST. GALLEN
A snapshot from the Bâle-Vienna Express

IN his journeyings the tourist photographer meets with occasions when subjects which would make exceedingly interesting snapshots present themselves through the railway carriage window or from a motor-vehicle, and it is unfortunate that, from misgivings as to the power of the ordinary hand-camera to cope with exposures from a rapidly-moving vehicle, the photographer who may be well equipped is generally very chary of venturing a shot. That exposures of this sort are quite practicable is instanced by the accompanying illustration, taken from a Swiss express at speed with a 1-250th sec. exposure (Compur shutter) at *f*/4.5 on an Ilford S.R. Panchromatic plate.

ADMITTEDLY work of this sort, in which the crux of the matter is speed, makes certain demands upon the camera. The apparent motion of the subject and the vibration, sway or jolting of the vehicle have both to be contended with, so that a longer exposure than 1-50th sec. is generally out of the question. Usually 1-100th second or less is advisable.

It is therefore obligatory to use a shutter which will give a really fast exposure and a lens which will pass enough light to give a reasonably well-exposed negative on a high-speed plate in such a time. These needs are best met with a focal-plane press camera, or any good hand-camera with, for instance, a *f*/6 lens and a high-class diaphragm shutter.

HOWEVER, the main onus rests upon the photographer. Opportunities generally reveal themselves suddenly, as a clear view is momentarily given and then vanish in a flash; and successful shots are the reward of the prepared photographer who keeps an eye on the line ahead, foresees an approaching opportunity and seizes it on the instant. For this purpose the shutter release must be actuated a fraction of a second before the subject is seen at its best.

It is, of course, imperative to await an unobstructed view of a distant landscape; no foreground object anywhere near the train may be included by reason of the great speed at which it appears to cross the field of view. On this account the photographer should work, if possible, from the side of the train on which the track is free from telegraph poles and other unsightly obstructions. Again, since the movement of an object is most marked when directly across the field of view, it is advantageous to make the exposure with the camera pointing obliquely forwards or backwards at an angle with the direction of movement of the vehicle.

A Noteworthy Exhibition

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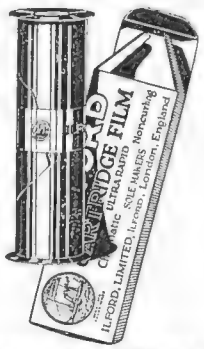

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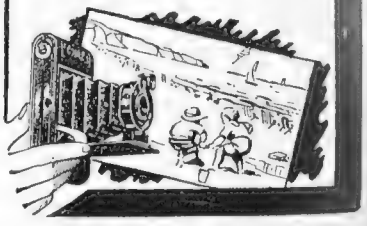

Sporting Lore

LONDON. SATURDAY, AUG. 8, 1840.

The following story is told of John Kilburn, the list-seller. Losing heavily at the races, he became stranded at Bedford, and, wishing to attend a meeting at Richmond, in Yorkshire, he conceived a novel, yet desperate, method of getting there.

He persuaded the village blacksmith to stamp the words "Richmond Gaol" on a padlock, and, fixing this to a broken chain, attached it to his leg and lay down on the highway pretending to be asleep. As he anticipated, he was arrested, hauled before the magistrate, and finally escorted to Richmond Gaol.

Interrogating the turnkey on their arrival, the constable was dumbfounded to find that John was well-respected in the neighbourhood, and had never been in gaol in his life. Meanwhile, grinning slyly, John produced the key, unlocked the padlock and thanked the constable for his trouble, remarking that he had brought him there just in time for the races.

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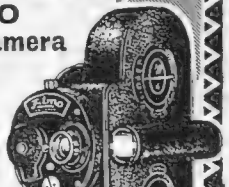

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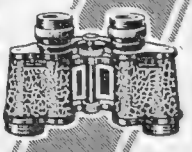

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MOTOR NOTES.

By GEORGE C. STEAD

A STUDY IN CONTRASTS

The Prince of Wales in one of the Crossley cars which accompanied him on his recent African tour, at Serowe, in Bechuanaland. The "guard of honour" appears to be ready to take part in a "Donkey Derby" at the shortest notice

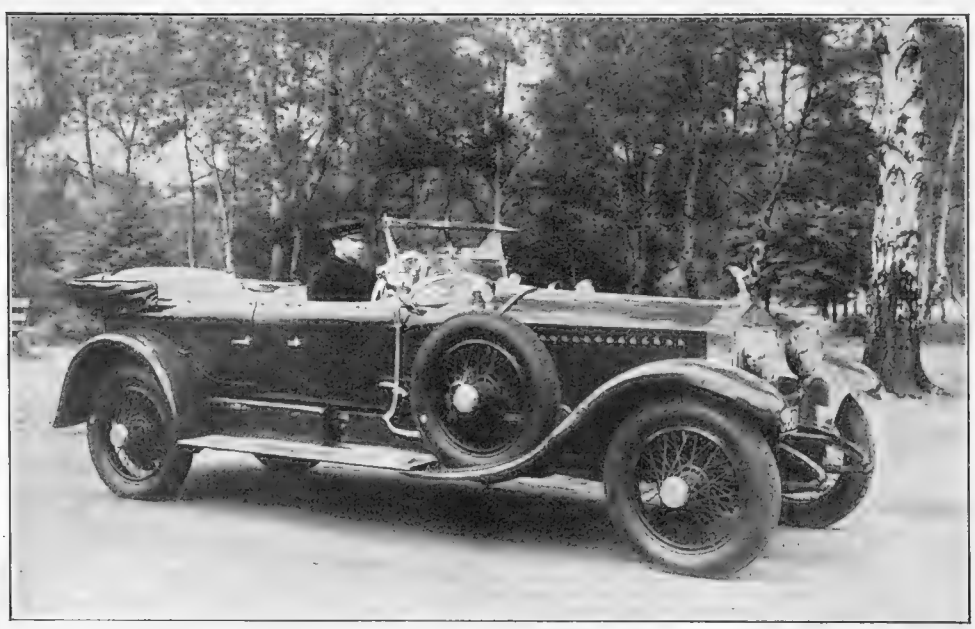
THE next big motor competition event is the Boulogne Automobile week, to take place from August 26 to 30. It is organised by the Automobile Club of the North of France, in conjunction with the Essex Motor Club. On the first day the competitors' cars will be weighed in. On the Thursday there will be a four-mile speed test from a flying start, a mile hill-climb from a standing start, and a half-kilometre hill-climb. A special brake and acceleration test will also be held. On the Friday, in the afternoon, there will be a coachwork competition. On the Saturday the first of the big races takes place, this being the Grand Prix of Boulogne for light cars and cycle-cars, the premier prize being the Pickett Cup.

* * *

ON the Sunday the most important race of the meeting takes place, being that for the Georges Boillot Cup. Owing to its proximity to these shores, a very strong English entry has been secured. J. G. P. Thomas is taking over his famous Leyland-Thomas, while there are two A.C.'s, two Fraser Nash's, an Aston-Martin, an Alvis, an Austin, a Bugatti, and a Thomas Special. This meeting should be very popular with English visitors. The journey there is comparatively simple, and there are no passport restrictions. The simplest way to see the racing would be to drive to the coast, garage the car, and then take the boat across. Those who study economy very closely may endeavour to swim the Channel!

* * *

SOME time ago I announced the introduction of the new Overland Six to the British market. I have now had an opportunity of testing its running, and I feel sure Bystanders will be interested in my experiences. It will be remembered that this car has a six-cylinder engine, and is provided with a four-door saloon body, the price being £395. The Overland is very sweet in its running and requires the minimum of driving. The accommodation provided is excellent, both at the front and the rear. The engine is absolutely vibrationless, except at the highest speeds, and the top gear performance of this car is particularly good. The four doors are a boon, as any of the occupants can enter or leave the car without disturbing the others. There are three generously-dimensioned windows on either side, all of which can be raised or lowered. Ventilation is thus a simple matter. The wide rear window allows reversing to be carried out easily, and also permits a close eye being kept on overtaking traffic. At the price at which it sells, the Overland Six saloon offers extremely good value for a closed car.



A NEW "ROLLS"

The 40-50 h.p. "New Phantom" Rolls-Royce purchased by the Maharajah of Patiala during his visit to this country. It is fitted with a 6-seater open touring body by Barker, painted a pale coach green

ENTRIES have now closed at single fees for the 200-mile race organised by the Junior Car Club for Saturday, September 26. Entries can be accepted at double fees up to August 27. The entries, while not so numerous as in previous years, contain many interesting cars. It will be remembered that this year the cars have to negotiate two hairpin bends on each circuit, and brakes, clutches, and gear-changing will thus be tested to the uttermost. This year the race, therefore, has some of the characteristics of a road contest, and will be of greater interest, both from the drivers' and spectators' points of view.

* * *

THE makers of the Crossley cars have received a most congratulatory cable from South Africa concerning the performance of the Crossley cars which have been employed by H.R.H. the Prince of Wales during his South African tour. It is stated that the cars ran magnificently, and that no single hitch occurred at any point of the strenuous tour. The total mileage covered by each car was 4,000 miles, over some of the worst roads imaginable.

* * *

IT is generally agreed that the road traffic during the August Bank Holiday week-end was the heaviest that has ever occurred. The figures showing the activities of the A.A. during that time confirm this opinion. In the four days of the August Bank Holidays no fewer than 119,990 A.A. members received road information from the A.A. patrols. Assistance was rendered to 4,332 vehicles by the drivers of the A.A. road surface outfits, while emergency supplies, such as petrol, oil, and minor accessories, were obtained for 2,092 members.

* * *

USERS of Wolseley cars will be interested in a booklet which has just been issued by Wolseley Motors, Ltd., describing their large repair and service depot at Manor Street, Chelsea, London. It is claimed that this is the largest and best equipped service station in the kingdom, staffed by Wolseley specialists and organised to render prompt, efficient service to Wolseley owners. Everything from the smallest repair to a complete overhaul can be carried out on the premises. Wolseley Motors will send a copy to any Bystander who applies.

THE
BYSTANDER
Graphic Buildings, Tallis Street, London, E.C.4

No. 1,133.—Vol. LXXXVII. Wednesday, August 19, 1925 [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.]

Telephone: Regent 7500.
Telegrams: "Selanlet, Piccy, London."

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Within easy reach of the Kennels.

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First-rate cottage and outbuildings and stabling. Garage, etc.

INEXPENSIVE BUT PRETTY GARDENS. Good orchard.

TEMPTING PRICE.

Strongly recommended from inspection by
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MAIDENHEAD.

On the High Ground towards the Thicket (¾ mile station).

TO BE SOLD (with or without contents), SMALL GEORGIAN HOUSE in first-class order and occupying the best residential position on gravel soil: 6 bedrooms, 3 sitting rooms, including delightful lounge room. 27 ft. by 16 ft. 6 in., bathroom and good offices (all on two floors).

OLD MATURED GARDEN OF 1 ACRE, with many delightful features.

Garage for 2 cars.

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500 FT. IN A PICKED POSITION.

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BEAUTIFUL GROUNDS, hard and grass tennis courts, orchard, paddock. Garage with rooms. Cottage with bath.

AN EXCEPTIONAL PROPERTY IN EVERY WAY.

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EXCEPTIONALLY ATTRACTIVE FREEHOLD RESIDENCE, occupying a pleasant and convenient situation, overlooking the Common, and within easy reach of the City and West End. Contains: entrance hall, 3 reception rooms, billiard room, loggia, 8 bedrooms, 2 bathrooms, and complete offices.

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CENTRAL HEATING.

Double garage, with chauffeur's accommodation over.

MATURED AND WELL-LAID-OUT PLEASURE GROUNDS, including large lawn, flower and rose beds, ornamental and flowering shrubs, etc.

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FAVOURITE PART OF ESSEX.

IDEAL FOR CITY MAN.

Good train service, London under half an hour. Excellent Golf Course near.

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Garage, with man's room, and outbuildings.

DELIGHTFUL PLEASURE GROUNDS, well timbered, and including hard tennis court.

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122 BEDROOMS and DRESSING-ROOMS, including old four-post beds, tallboy, and other chests, also complete modern suites of excellent make and design. Carved walnut and gilt, black and gold lacquer of Chinese style. Richly painted satinwood, French lacquered, etc., ranging from 10 guineas up to 700 guineas.

Special attention is directed to several sets of exquisite design and finish, comprising roomy wardrobes, dressing chests, washing stands and chests, chairs, etc. A complete bedroom suite in Old English style offered at 17 guineas. Complete sets in Chippendale and Sheraton style at 18 guineas, and also sets in figured Walnut of Queen Anne and William and Mary design from 27 guineas. Collection of Old Oak Bedroom effects, including Elizabethan style four-post bed, Cupboards and Old Oak Chests. Many fine old pieces worth the attention of connoisseurs

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PIANOFORTES, Baby Grand and Upright, from 10 guineas.

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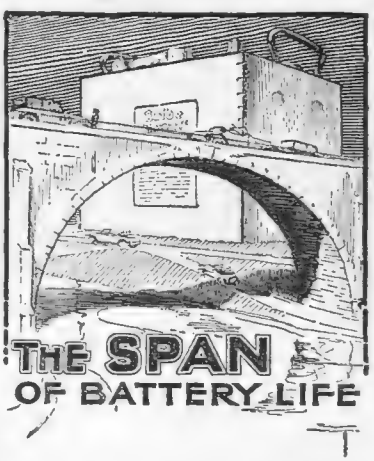

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A lace that could not withstand a fortnight's wear would easily carry half-a-hundredweight; for it is not a straight pull that weakens and eventually breaks it, but the friction as it is drawn backwards and forwards through the eyelet holes by the movement of the foot in walking.

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The GRAPHIC
August 22, 1925
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Every description of Ornamental Hairwork undertaken and carefully and promptly executed.

SWITCHES OF PURE HAIR, SOFT & LUSTROUS

16 in.	5/9	24 in.	22/9
18 in.	8/9	26 in.	26/9
20 in.	11/9	28 in.	37/9
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SMART AND ORIGINAL STOCKINETTE SUIT

Stockinette Suit (as sketch), made from good quality woollen stockinette, the pleated skirt mounted on silk top with shirt front in jap silk, over which is worn the attractive jumper coat, bound silk braid. In all the new season's shades.

PRICE

8 Gns.

MARSHALL & SNELGROVE
VERE STREET AND OXFORD STREET
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Sent on approval.

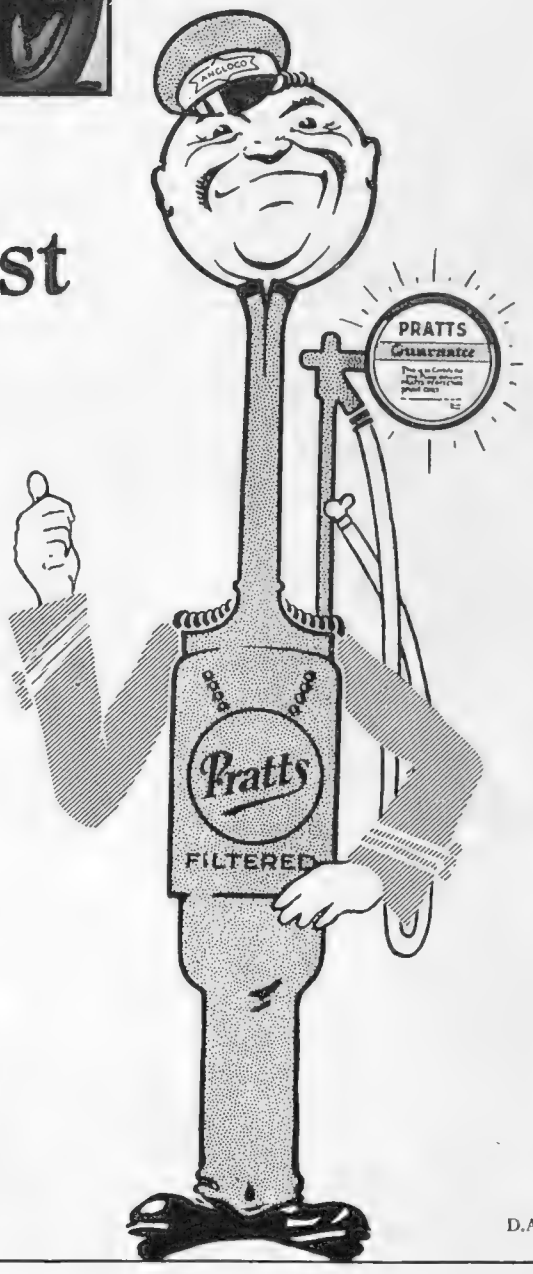
What I see on the Road

by Tommy Pratt-kins OF THE PETROL PATROL

No. 3

The Police and the Motorist

I WAS recently supplying a lady driver with Pratts Perfection when I noticed her beckon a policeman and ask for the nearest authorised parking place. "Ah," said Robert afterwards, "I wish they would all show commonsense like that. Thoughtless drivers park cars in busy streets, leave engines running, or stop in places where they are an absolute nuisance. Some drivers seem to regard policemen as natural enemies. Perhaps they don't know we are coached with local motoring information. But there, I knew she was experienced, when I saw her taking petrol from 'Tommy Pratt-kins' here. A well-known motorist said to me the other day, 'Robert, my boy, when you buy a car use Pratts Perfection every time. It's pure —so you'll get more miles per gallon—uniform —so you'll always be free from trouble.'"



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In describing the new "Phantom" Rolls Royce the motoring correspondent of "Country Life" writes: "It goes almost without saying that in such a car as this the standard plugs are K.L.G.'s." Here, in a single sentence, is summed up the result of years of painstaking experiment and unremitting effort to obtain "the very best." K.L.G.'s are not the materialisation of a happy chance. Their design has been "worked out" conscientiously and thoroughly. In the Air, on the Road, and on the Track they have been tested and proved under conditions of fierce competition, and they have always been shown to be the best. Like all other really good things they cost a little more to start with—so does the "Rolls."

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"In old Izaak Walton's time there were no Bean Cars. His 'field' of operations was strictly limited—whereas I can as easily run up to Scotland as down to Cornwall—as easily spend a week-end on the Welsh Lakes as on the Broads. With my Bean Car I can set out upon a 200 mile run, confident of getting there to time, safe in the knowledge that the Bean four-speed gears will see me over *any* hill, that its four wheel brakes will always function. Fishing—or any other sport for that matter—would pall without such a trustworthy friend as the Bean Car."

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***The famous Wilkinson Sword Steel Blade is hollow-ground and hand-forged from the finest steel—just like a big straight razor.* Its lasting keen edge cannot be obtained—let alone retained—on the 'wafer' type of safety blade.**
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Safety Shaver

No. 121. Comprising seven *hollow-ground blades, each etched with day of week, adjustable Shaver-Frame, Automatic Stropper, in polished oak case* **42/-**
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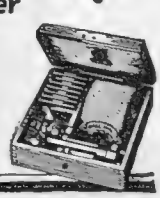

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For Men Folk "4711" Shaving Stick (in aluminium case) 1/3

No. 4711. Eau de Cologne

Fashion's Fancies

By MRS. JACK MAY

Growing Feeling for Colours

So far as this British climate of ours is concerned, the more vivid the colours worn the better during the dull autumn and winter months, and there seems every prospect of such being materialised. One sees at once the way the wind is blowing in the ready-to-wear establishments, though these frequently miss the more delicate *nuances*. And it is this delicacy and fine selection that comes in the *galère* of the Bradford Dyers' Association, with whom Reville, Hanover Square, is so closely associated. After extensive experimenting and testing the position this body of influential people hold was firmly consolidated at the Paris Exhibition, and the colour card they have issued for the coming season is as persuasive as it is unique.

From these authorities there comes a range that includes Queen's blues, several new greens, browns that are golden, petunias, cedarwoods—in which category comes *bois de rose*—antique meerschaum, and Royal onyx. And all these colours, together with many others, are being shown in all-wool materials, and also in mixtures of wool and artificial silk.

Promising to be as keen a favourite in the future as it has been throughout the summer is this clever modern discovery of mingling artificial silk with wool or cotton, in which effects have been wrought never before dreamed of as possible, and that, which is equally as important, at prices well within reach of the less well-endowed.

From this time forth we have no need to look further for dyeing achievements than the three following British firms, the Worralls of Lancashire, the Clays of Cheshire, and the Bradford Dyeing Association, Yorkshire.

Dressmakers' Jumpers

THE jumper has taken upon itself such an important rôle that it is quite difficult to keep pace with its varieties and expressions. And there seems little chance of the over-blouse holding its own against this neat, slim-fitting garment.

According to whether a jumper is to be worn with a skirt to match and so comprise a walking suit, or is in some contrast to complete a coat and skirt, so is it fashioned, the first-named tending to the man's vest type, rather severe with buttoned strap down the front and turn-down collar mounted at a high line. But the *couturière* has taken liberties even with this classic—at its base and in the cunning little pockets.

Waistcoat effects, it is said, are coming in with the autumn. And a foreshadowing is found in the jumper shown on the left-hand figure of the adjoined group. This has quite a tailor-made touch about it, and would look well made in a heavy weight crêpe de Chine or crêpe schapel, also in washing satin. To wear with a green suit or one of the new Praline browns, *bois de rose* is the colour to choose. It is so becoming, and can be matched up to the regulation little felt hat. Quite a number of these jumpers are completed by Latin Quartier cravats of soft silk.

Of a rather more dressy type is the other model with tucked shirt-front vest, a design that can be carried out in any shade of crêpe de Chine allied with georgette vest, jabot and sleeve frills.

It is a dainty feminine thing that may be safely relied upon to impart the requisite air of smartness to a simple coat and skirt at a restaurant luncheon party.

The dressmaker's jumper has clearly come to stay, and has every promise of working out its autumn and winter salvation in every imaginable material and colour.

THE REIGN OF THE JUMPER

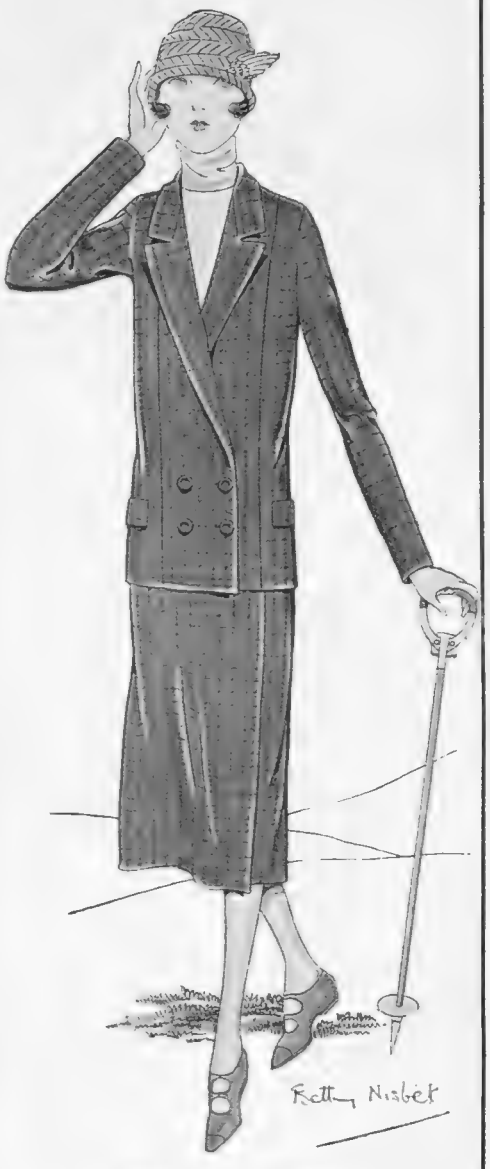
Two smart jumpers which have rather different appeals. The lower, which achieves a waistcoat effect, and is suitable for walking, can be modelled in heavyweight crêpe de Chine or crêpe schapel. The upper model, which looks well at the luncheon table, can be carried out in any shade of crêpe de Chine with georgette vest, jabot and sleeve frills

Original designs by Betty Nisbet

For Early Autumn Service

THERE is never a close season with the firm of Studd and Millington, though, naturally, the oncoming autumn days are keeping them extra busy at Conduit Street. The practical country type of suit, for the designing and building of which this house is so famed, is just now in big request for the country house parties and even Town wear, since dressing is very quiet pending the onrush of smarter autumn styles.

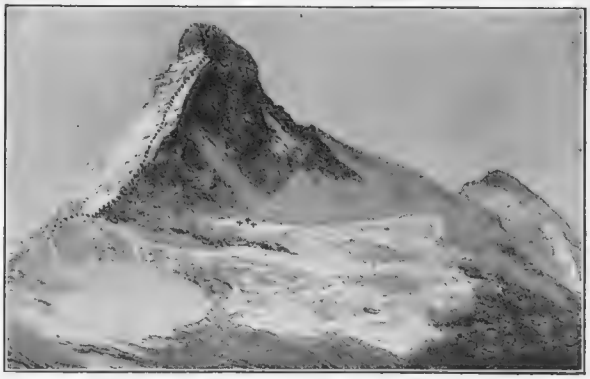
An endlessly useful possession is the costume illustrated, which is carried out in a pleasant blue-grey checked saxony cloth, a much approved modish touch being accorded the skirt by an inverted pleat in front, smaller replicas whereof occur either side of the front of the double-breast coat, stitched down. There is little to discuss over a model of this description; it speaks for itself as a complete success, provided the cut, fit and finish are immaculate—a sure thing at Studd and Millington's. Apparently, according to these authorities, there is likely to be a continued run on browns of the rust and nut character, quite definite tones that come up so well in good all-wool materials. At the same time one of the most attractive models seen in these *salons*



FOR EARLY AUTUMN

An attractive costume in blue-grey checked saxony cloth, the skirt having an inverted pleat in front. This is one of the models from Messrs. Studd and Millington, of Conduit Street, W.

Sketched by Betty Nisbet



THE MATTERHORN MEMORIAL
A photograph showing the route taken on the first ascent sixty years ago

suggested a dull mulberry shade, faintly over-checked in dull red.

The firm holds a large stock of ready-to-wear coats and skirts, these, together with those made to order, ranging from 8½ guineas, and all come from Studd and Millington's own workrooms, the first price covering a variety of tweeds and West of England woollens.

As to the top coats here, they are far too well known to need further praise, though there has probably never been a season that opened more auspiciously for coats of all descriptions. Still straight and mannish, there is just a trifle more fit observable at the back of the new models, a smart case in point being effected in a basket weave of mixed fawns, browns, white and red. Starting at 6½ guineas, these Studdington coats, as well as all their other goods, can always be had on approbation on receipt of the usual trade reference from clients whose names are not on the firm's books.

The Matterhorn Memorial

July 14 was the sixtieth anniversary of the first ascent of the Matterhorn, by Mr. Whymper and his party, which included Lord Francis Douglas, the Rev. Charles Hudson, Mr. Hadow, and their guides. When nearing the summit, at the spot marked with a white cross in the photograph, Mr. Hadow slipped, dragging Lord Francis Douglas and Mr. Hudson and a guide down on to the Zmott glacier below. The spot is marked in the photograph by the three black crosses, the route taken on the ascent being shown by the dotted line. The British Alpine Club recently celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of the first ascent by the erection of a memorial to Whymper.

New Zealand Forests

A company well established in Australasia, the New Zealand Perpetual Forests, Ltd., which is concerned with scientific afforestation in New Zealand, is now offering the balance of the first issue of 500,000 Forestry Debenture Bonds to the public. The bonds are issued payable £1 with application, £1 one month from application, £1 every two months thereafter until £25 is paid. A discount of 10 per cent. will be allowed on bonds purchased for cash. Full particulars of this well-established and going concern can be obtained from Messrs. Smith, Wylie and Co. (England), Ltd., Thanet House, 231, Strand, W.C.2.

A Book of Sea Adventure

It is no small undertaking to embark upon a book telling of sea adventure from a new angle. For, in spite of the vast extent of the subject, it has been covered by so many writers in past ages that little remains untold. In *Adventures by Sea from Art of Old Time* (The Studio, Ltd.: £3 3*s*.), however, Mr. Basil Lubbock has hit upon the happy idea of telling his story by a series of contemporary prints, beautifully reproduced, and extending from the days when Cabot was voyaging in the Arctic to the famous rivalries of the clipper ships of the nineteenth century. The subjects dealt with range from polar exploration to all the perils of the sea, either from nature or from man.

IN A NEW ZEALAND FOREST
E. Viminalis growing at Rotorua

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Every girl can have wonderful wavy hair, soft, and lustrous, by simply using Lavona Hair Tonic. In the golden drops of this wonder liquid lies the secret of real hair charm, for Lavona does not merely grow hair, but it grows healthy, radiant, clustering waves which are a perfect delight to look upon.

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Lavona
Hair Tonic & Shampoo

Get a 2/11 package from your Chemist and try it. There's a guarantee coupon with it, and if you are not delighted with results fill in the coupon and get your money back.

Lavona Hair Tonic contains no harmful ingredients and will not stain the fairest hair. It can be used with every confidence for hair of every colour and is ideal for the children's hair.

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FOR SUMMER WEAR

We have now in stock a wonderful variety of Princess Slips in all the newest styles and colours; in reliable quality materials, suitable for wearing under tunics, frocks, etc. We make to order in special colours and lengths in four days

GRACEFUL PRINCESS SLIP (as sketch), in natural silk, particularly suitable for sports wear. Lengths 44 to 49 ins.

PRICE **25/9**

In Cream Schappe Silk at the same price.

In rich quality crêpe de Chine in the new permanent pleating. In Ivory, Black and fashionable colours - - - - **45/9**

In superior quality heavy-weight crêpe de Chine - - **63/-**

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Also in black satin, 29/6.

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NEW HATS FOR PRESENT WEAR
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NEW HAT in fine quality velour with bind and pleating of petersham ribbon. In Blue, Green, Black, Burnt Orange, Fuchsia, and Brown.

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MACASSAR OIL
for the **HAIR**

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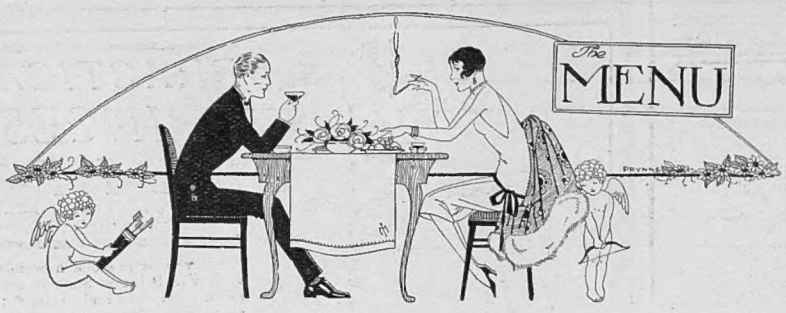

THE GROUSE SEASON

SCOTCH GROUSE
GROUSE PIE (SUITABLE FOR A SHOOTING LUNCH
SALMIS OF GROUSE A SALAD OF GROUSE
PEAS STEWED WITH LETTUCE TO SERVE WITH GROUSE

Scotch Grouse

PLUCK one or two young grouse, singe carefully, draw, and clean the inside, and wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. Game birds, and especially grouse, should never be washed. Mix ½ oz. of fresh butter with a saltspoonful of black pepper, half a teaspoonful of salt, and a few drops of lemon-juice, and place this inside the birds. Truss the birds for roasting, and dredge the outside with flour. One or two vineleaves and a slice of fat bacon should be wrapped over the breast of each bird. Roast from about twenty-five to thirty-five minutes and baste frequently. Place fried breadcrumbs round the birds and serve bread-sauce and gravy with them.

Grouse Pie (suitable for a Shooting Lunch)

Line the bottom of a pie-dish with 1 lb. of rump steak cut into neat pieces. Cut two grouse into joints, season highly with salt, cayenne and black pepper; pour in some stock, and cover with puff paste; brush the crust over with the yolk of an egg and bake one hour. The backbones and trimmings from the grouse will make the gravy by stewing them with an onion, a little mace, a bunch of herbs and a wine-glass of sherry or claret. This should be poured in after the pie is baked.

Salmis of Grouse

Roast a grouse for about ten minutes, then cut into joints. Pound the liver smoothly, cut 2 ozs. of cooked ham into dice, chop one small onion, and tie up a bunch of herbs together. Melt 1 oz. of butter in a stewpan, and put in the onion, three cloves, a few peppercorns, the chopped ham and the herbs; fry all these a pale brown. When nearly dark enough add 1 oz. of flour, and brown as well. Put in the joints of grouse, liver, a teaspoonful of lemon-juice, two teaspoonfuls of red-currant jelly, a small glass of claret, and ½ oz. of glaze. Cover the pan, and simmer gently for about forty minutes. Place in an entrée dish, strain the sauce over, garnish with croûtons of fried bread, and serve with French beans à la Parisienne.

A Salad of Grouse

Roast a young grouse; when cold, cut it in neat pieces, put into a salad bowl some lettuce, mustard and cress, and celery, if in season, lay the grouse on it and four hard-boiled eggs cut lengthwise. Make a dressing in a basin with the following ingredients: one tablespoonful of finely-chopped shallot, one of parsley, one of pounded sugar, the yolks of two raw eggs, a teaspoonful of salt, a little pepper, two tablespoonfuls of vinegar (chilli if procurable) and four tablespoonfuls of oil. Mix all well together, whip up a little cream, add by degrees to the dressing and pour over the salad.

Peas Stewed with Lettuce to Serve with Grouse

Shell half a peck of young green peas and put them into a bowl of cold water, and 1 oz. of butter. Then put them into a stewpan with the heart of a lettuce, finely shredded, an onion cut into thin slices and a bunch of parsley. Cover the saucepan closely and let the peas cook till they are tender; shake the saucepan now and again to prevent them sticking. When they are done take out the onion, put in 1 oz. of butter, mixed smoothly with half a dessertspoonful of flour and a dessertspoonful of cream, simmer gently for four minutes. This is the Continental way of cooking peas, and is extremely tasty.

EMILIA

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Drawn from the famous " Célestins " spring at Vichy, and bottled under State supervision, this famous Mineral Water is an acknowledged and *proven* defence against *gout, diabetes* and the early stages of chronic affections of the urinary passages.

Pleasing to the palate and invaluable as a tonic-digestant, Vichy-Célestins should be taken regularly at meals, either in its pure state or it can be mixed with light wines or spirits.

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The French Natural Mineral Water

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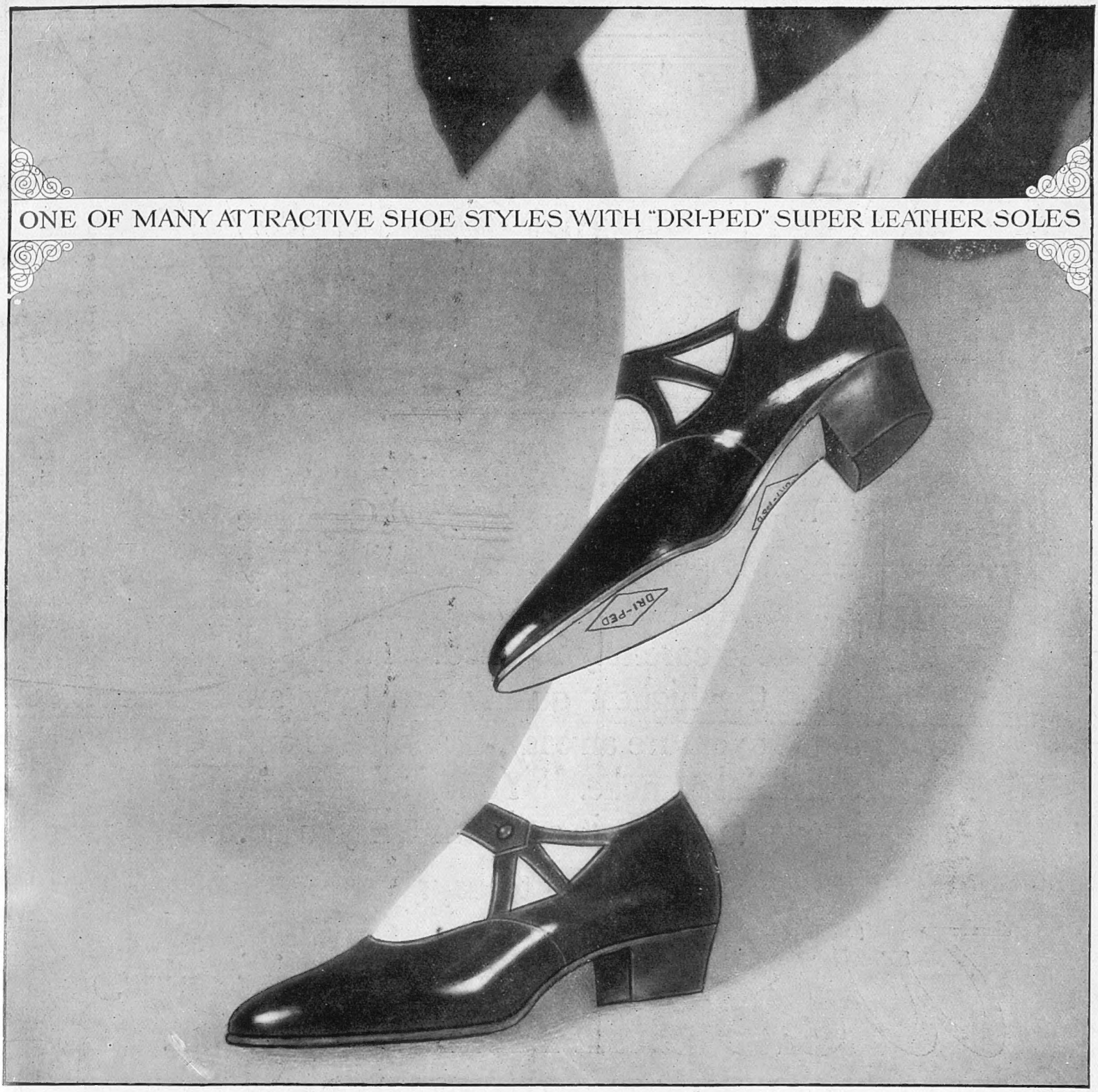

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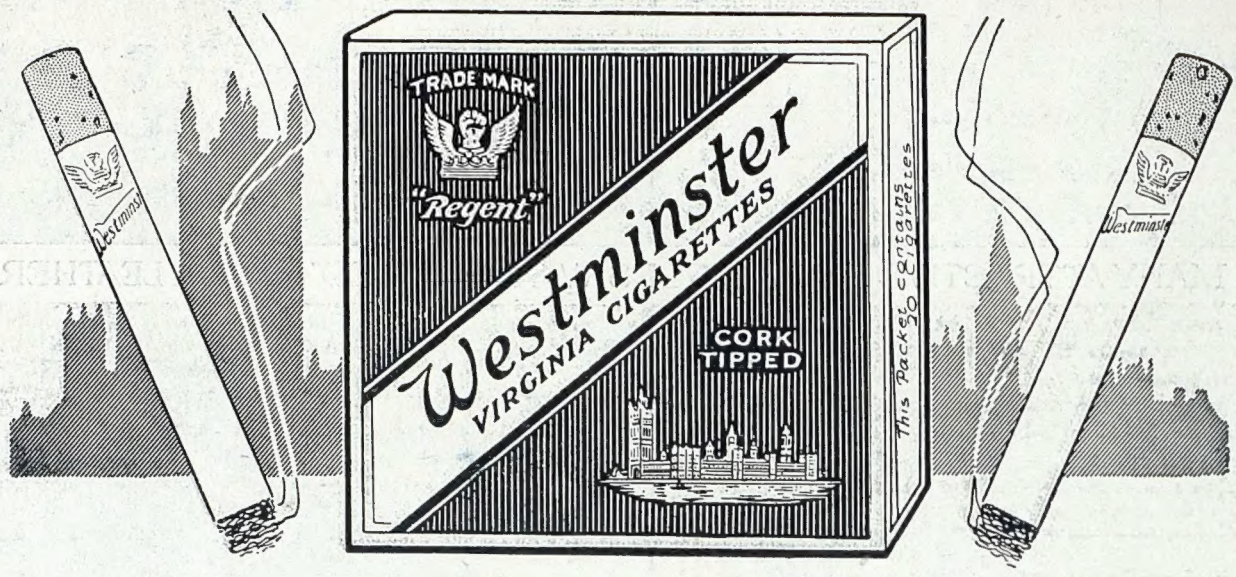

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